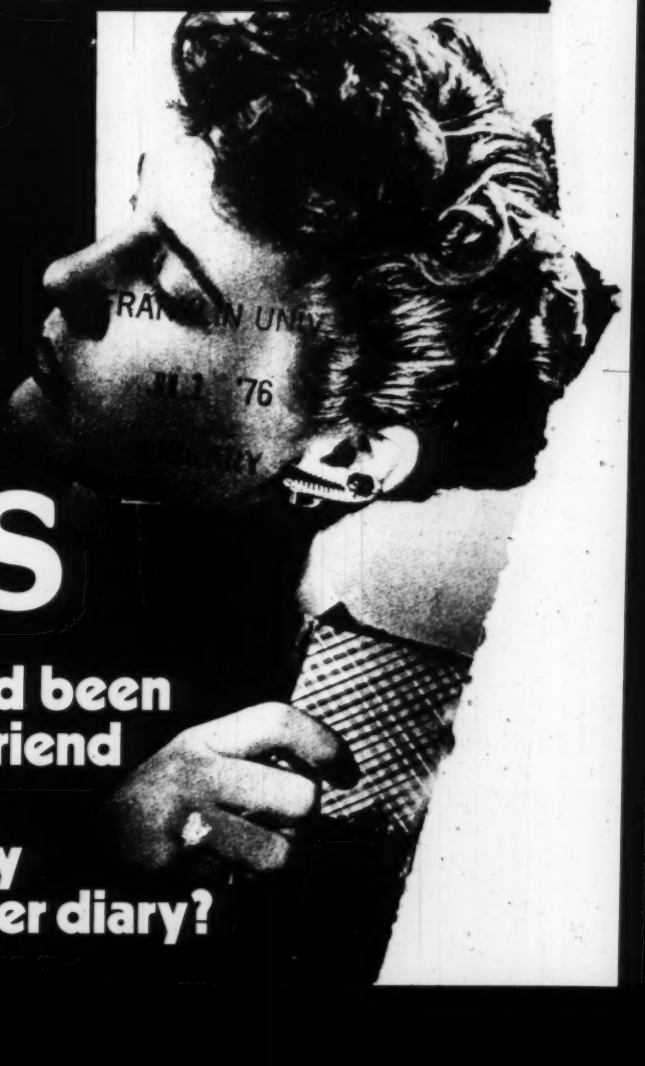
The engineering triumph called Jimmy Carter

Dave Kingman: baseball's biggest bat since Mantle

JULY 30, 1976 75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NewTimes

the mysterious murder of JFK's mistress



Socialite Mary Meyer had been a CIA agent's wife, Jackie's friend and the President's lover. Who killed her? And why did the official burn her diary?

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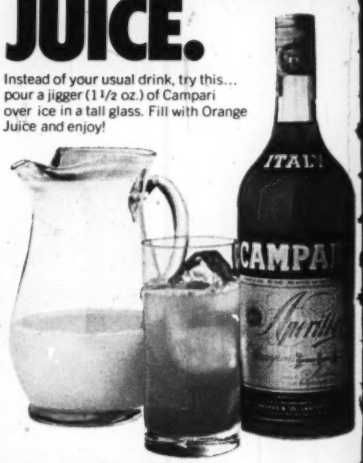

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The Ultimate Diet. All You Count Is The Weight You Lose.

Stop Dieting By The Numbers.

If it's not calories it's grams. And if it's not grams it's sit ups. It seems like you're always counting something when you're on a diet.

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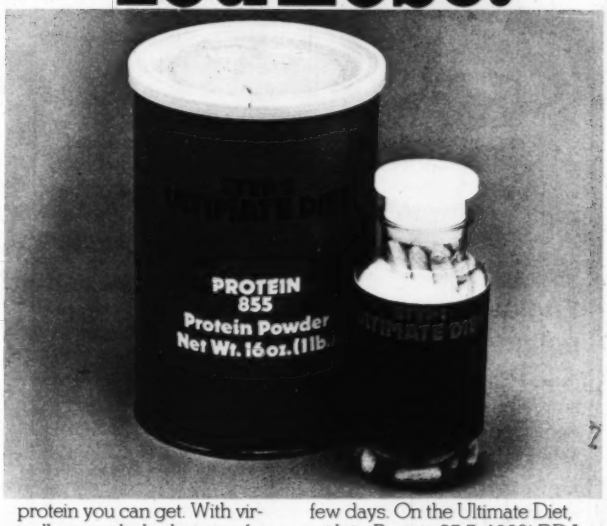

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On a regular diet, you can't really be sure if you're getting the vitamins you need.

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If you're only a few pounds or even 50 pounds overweight, or if you're just an inch or two away from the person you want to be. The Ultimate Diet is the answer to your problem. It's much safer than fasting.

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July 9, 1976
Volume 7, Number 1

New Times

The curious aftermath of JFK's best and brightest affair

The unsolved murder of Mary Pinchot Meyer triggered a series of events involving some of Washington's most powerful figures.

By Phillip Nobile and Ron Rosenbaum

Page 22

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST

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ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Engineering the politics of love

Jimmy Carter's not surprised he won the nomination. After all, that's what his plan called for.

By Robert Shrum

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The nuclear wasteland

John P. Hay, a feisty Kentucky farmer, had his doubts about the nuclear dump in his town. Last winter, a report that radioactive water was leaking into the soil confirmed his worst fears, and he and his Maxey Flats neighbors mobilized to close the nuclear "graveyard."

By Frank Browning

Page 42

The loneliness of the long-distance hitter

Out at Shea Stadium, the home-run countdown has begun. And in the limelight is Dave Kingman, who is hitting more homers—and striking out more often—than any baseball player in the past decade.

By Lawrence Wright

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Sun-kissed art

The multi-hued labels that once appeared on crates of California oranges, attracting buyers and luring folks West, are now being plucked up by thousands of collectors.

By Susan Lyne and Suzanne Charlé

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The meaning of 200 years.
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Tom Hayden is proving old radicals never die—they simply become born-again pols.
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Wallace redux
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As Mo Udall learned, politics is mostly pill-taking.
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David Sanford takes some pot shots at Ralph Nader—and misses.
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Roots music has crossed national and linguistic bounds.
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Nor do the movies *The Man Who Fell to Earth* and *The Tenant*.
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What's knee-high by the Fourth of July?
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Fireworks are going out with a big bang.
By Lewis Archibald
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Is there an answer to the smoking question?

Should people smoke? They've been battling that one since the smoking controversy started. Smokers have an answer. Non-smokers have another answer. And the critics of smoking think they have all the answers.

But arguing whether people should or shouldn't smoke isn't going to change anything. The reality is that people do smoke. And they will continue to smoke. No matter what anyone says.

So perhaps a more realistic question would be: what should a smoker smoke?

If some smokers don't want to give up smoking yet find themselves concerned about 'tar' and nicotine, then the critics could well recommend that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. Like Vantage.

And if some of these smokers prefer a menthol cigarette, then the critics could suggest that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine menthol. Like Vantage Menthol.

Vantage Menthol offers smokers all the cool, refreshing flavor they could ever ask for. And at the same time gives them the substantial cut in 'tar' and nicotine they may be looking for.

Now Vantage Menthol isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around. But anything lower probably compromises the flavor.

So if you smoke a menthol cigarette, we're not going to argue whether you should or you shouldn't. The fact is you do.

And if you want to do something about 'tar' and nicotine, Vantage Menthol could be one answer for you to consider.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Letters

Cornering Carter

My deepest thanks for the article by Robert Shrum ("No private smiles," June 11). He has my total respect and admiration for quitting the Carter campaign when he knew that he may have been giving up his dream of serving in the White House. *New Times* is the only magazine that has exposed Jimmy Carter as the two-faced man he really is.

I am a liberal Democrat who is sickened by the realization that Carter is going to be the Democratic nominee. He is more conservative than Jerry Ford. Whoever wins in November means only one thing to me: I will lose either way.

William R. Jackson
Mansfield, Ohio

Even while producing two of Mo Udall's anti-Carter television spots, I couldn't put my finger on the actual reason for my outright fear of Jimmy Carter. Contrary to the tone of the spots, his fuzziness didn't do it—I'm used to that. Robert Shrum hit it on the spot: a recycled Richard Nixon. I knew that my fear of Carter was a familiar type of fear.

I applaud Shrum. There are some of us who will not work for candidates we would never vote for.

Alan B. Glazen
Cleveland, Ohio

Robert Shrum's article serves to affirm this registered Democrat's long-abiding distrust of Jimmy Carter.

Perhaps it would have been closer to the truth, pictorially, had you superimposed Carter's photo over that of the swine on your cover, rather than doing so over the photo of Bob Shrum.

Natalie Cannon
Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania

Perhaps your June 11 issue should have been called "Hate Democrats." You belittled Carter, McGovern, Eagleton, Rusk, Humphrey, Johnson and even his son-in-law Charles Robb. It must have pleased the Republican National Committee but it did not please me.

William R. Doty
Wichita Falls, Texas

Anyone from Arkansas with half a brain recognizes that Jimmy Carter is using the technique of Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers—campaigning with only a shoeshine and a smile, nothing more or less.

It takes more than a few quotes from Bob Dylan to be a credible, desirable candidate.

J.C. Fischer
Fayetteville, Arkansas

I just finished reading Bob Shrum's story on Jimmy Carter and his half-truths. I am now just about convinced! Run another story with a title something like, "You CAN trust Hubert Humphrey, Jerry Brown, Mo Udall, Frank Church, Ronald Reagan and Jerry Ford," and THEN I might think about voting for someone besides Carter.

Peter Burnash
New York, New York

The pressing question is no longer "Jimmy who?" but "Jimmy what?"

John Sarley
Cleveland, Ohio

Living like a King

One grows weary, not to mention irritated, at the elitist attitude of Larry L. King (Fulminations, June 11) and his continuing reminders of his success as a journalist who happens to earn a large enough salary to be able to afford a $6,990 per year apartment.

Ironically, on the one hand he sneers at his well-to-do neighbors who found it necessary to wait on themselves, and on the other hand points out that he is one of them. I suggest he move to something less grandiose. It is obvious he's lost his perspective.

Gene Paul Yarnell
Detroit, Michigan

Being and nothingness

In your June 11 Final Tribute, Martin Kaplan refers to Martin Heidegger as the author of *Being and Nothingness*. Actually, Jean-Paul Sartre was the author of that weighty tome; Heidegger wrote the even more portentous (pretentious) *Being and Time*.

Charles S. Toskas
Youngstown, Ohio

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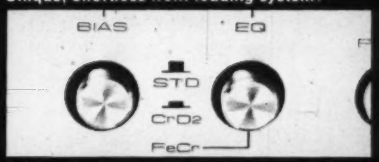
Pioneer's new 9191...the best cassette deck under $450† that money can buy.

Here is a magnificent cassette deck with specifications that are beyond what our industry had been aware were possible; specs that surpass anything that a deck of this price, performance and quality has ever been able to come up to before. Unbelievably low wow and flutter; solenoid controls that operate at a touch with almost magical precision, and a unique, truly-visible horizontal front loading system by which the cassette is effortlessly set into place with two fingers, are only a few highlights.

Pioneer's new 9191 incorporates a cascade of features and innovations: automatic CrO_2 tape detector and indicator light; an illuminated panel scale that lets you see at a glance the amount of tape remaining on a cassette; and an advanced memory rewind circuit that permits quick and easy location of (and automatic re-start from) any point on a cassette tape. It also has two independent drive motors, including an electronically-controlled DC unit for recording and playback.

Our engineers took into consideration the many types of tapes available and included superior bias and equalization circuitry and switching (in addition to the the automatic CrO_2 detection system) so that the 9191's recording capability is optimized for any kind of cassettes you want to use. And, of course, there's built-in Dolby B* to bring the 9191's S/N ratio up to 62 dB, even with standard tapes. We've also included separate mic/line mixing, and an extra pair of input and output jacks.

Unique, effortless front-loading system.



Selectable equalization and bias switches.

By now you realize that here is a cassette deck rivalling the performance of decks costing hundreds of dollars more; a deck whose controls make it respond faster than many reel-to-reel machines, and which offers greatly-extended frequency response and dynamic range. And it's the only front-loading, front-control, stackable deck to have all the features we've mentioned.

But of all the ingredients that make up the 9191: performance, reliability, style and features, the most important of all is its value. We set out to build a cassette deck that was better, but less costly, than any deck built previously. We know we have succeeded. We know that you'll agree when you see and handle the Pioneer CT-F9191 at your Pioneer dealer.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

Frequency Response: Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz ±3dB); CrO_2 tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz ±3dB)

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 52 dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes) More than 66.5 dB over 5,000 Hz with CrO_2 tape

Harmonic Distortion: No more than 1.7% (OdB)

Wow and Flutter: No more thas 0.07% (WRMS)

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Slow Down

How old are we?/By James S. Kunen

The United States, it is widely believed, will be 200 years old on July 4. In fact, this Republic was not formed until 1789, and we will no doubt be celebrating the Bicentennial 13 years from now. But leave aside that horrific prospect. What interests me is: How old *is* 200 years?

To find out, I walked past a graffiti-covered Triumphal Arch erected in honor of George Washington in 1889, through the many junkies and dope salesmen who hang out there and over to my school library.

Two hundred years is the maximum lifespan for a giant tortoise. Light breaks through the eggshell. The tortoise is born, unsuckled, in an island world. The tortoise on a rock, sun-warmed. The tortoise chilled by night. Here and there the tortoise imperiled. Lost for a time. Home again, if a tortoise has a home. Sometimes hungry. Sometimes having just eaten. From time to time eating again. The tortoise awakening. The tortoise asleep. The tortoise rampant. Dawn breaks over the tortoise, the tortoise shell a rosy hue. Rain ringing on the tortoise shell. Food eluding the beak. Food caught. The tortoise almost caught as food. Scars. The tortoise in the company of other tortoises. The tortoise alone. The tortoise in the throes of love, life pulsing through its granite loins. The tortoise walking slowly toward the water's edge, slowly, slowly, slowly. Night falls. Day breaks. The tortoise walking. The tortoise still. The lame tortoise, one eye out with crack in shell. The Bicentennial of the tortoise.

A sequoia, on the other hand, is but a toddler at 200, unfamiliar with the larger rhythms of its life, which may last 4,000 years. A year for a sequoia is like a week for a man.

For a man, 200 years is three lifetimes. My father talked with Civil War veterans, who talked with veterans of the Revolution.

But how old is a 200-year-old country?

It is our national myth that the United States is a young country. Actually, according to historian James Shenton of Columbia, the United States has the oldest governmental structure of any nation on earth, with the sole exception of Iceland. All the other countries that were in business when the Founding Fathers set up shop here 187 years ago are now under new management. Many have changed hands repeatedly. We're a country with a past, and what's become of the New World?

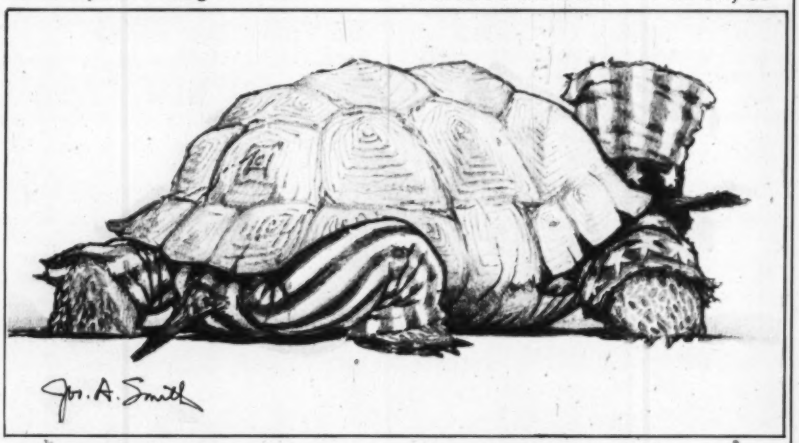
"The United States began with no 'history'—the first such experiment in political sociology—and for much of its existence as a society, its orientation was to the 'future,' to its Manifest Destiny and mission," Daniel Bell wrote in a recent issue of *The Public Interest*. Our mission was simply to redeem the world. "Today that sense of destiny has been shattered."

This same point was brought home to me by a recent Kellogg's Raisin Bran box. Raisin Bran carries a "YES! *We Can!* Biography Series," featuring rags-to-meaningful life stories. Booker T. Washington, this box says, worked very hard against great adversity and managed to found Tuskegee Institute. The conclusion: Americans can do anything. "YES! *We Can!*" It made me wonder: YES! *We Can!* do what? What is it that we are trying to do these days? YES! *We Can* build a B-1 bomber? YES! *We Can* have segregated neighborhoods? YES! *We Can* occupy Panama forever? What is America *for?* If there is any sense of national purpose around here, it's been eluding me.

The exhaustion and indifference smothering the country are evidenced by the twin phenomena of Jimmy Carter and Sun Myung Moon. The success of both is attributable to Americans' disinclination to grapple with issues, make decisions or take responsibility for running their own lives. Both promise that if people will accept their leadership and trust them completely, everything will somehow get better.

Historian Amaury de Riencourt found in American public opinion a striking resemblance to public opinion in Rome just before the death of the Republic, as the democratic system was giving way to absolute rule by the Caesars. There was a great distrust of representative assemblies, and a growing "father complex," the willingness to follow one man. The advent of the Caesars was marked by increasing public indifference to politics. "The great struggles between parties [were] no longer concerned with principles, programs, and ideologies but with *men* . . . there were no more conservatives nor democrats. . . . No one believed any more in the efficacy of ideas, political panaceas, doctrines, or systems. . . ."

De Riencourt concluded, "The Caesars of the future . . . will only be a terrible symbol of something more terrible still: the death of our Western soul—and the body would not be long in following it to the grave of history."



The United States may be very old, indeed.

I was trudging away from the library feeling somewhat depressed by the wrecked dreams and bleak future of this aged tortoise state, when I heard drifting down the wind an ethereal music, like pure energy, like the music of the celestial spheres. I followed the notes and came upon a young street musician hammering away at weblike strings stretched over a flat box. When he'd finished his tune, I asked whether the instrument was something he had invented. He said no, it was a dulcimer; the Egyptians were playing it 2,000 years ago. ●

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Luscious.
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Tasty.
Wet.
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The Ruling Class

Tom's common sense for the seventies/By Robert Scheer

Brunswick, Georgia—When Tom Hayden first decided to run for the Senate, he had to be quick in making his announcement in order to head off Shirley MacLaine, who was also considering running. Both were responding to a felt need in the Los Angeles left-liberal community that Democratic incumbent Senator John Tunney ought to be replaced. Tunney had supported the Vietnam War, had long loved the defense budget and had never supported the farm workers' unionizing efforts. He was also thought not to be very bright or effective. By contrast, MacLaine and Hayden (and his wife, Jane Fonda, who was also mentioned) are smart, well-informed and have a good record of speaking out on the issues.

If MacLaine or Fonda had made the race, it's very likely that she would have defeated Tunney and would now be pitted against Hayakawa, the winner of the Republican primary, who is thought by some Neanderthals to have been heroic for having pulled the plug on a student microphone during a campus rally. Such a race might be nationally significant as a test of two views of the ferment of the sixties: Do Americans want that ferment to be extended or permanently buried? It would also offer a much more serious debate on such key issues as the future of the defense economy, the causes of unemployment and the direction of civil liberties. But it might just as easily be nothing more than a test of the political popularity of a movie star as compared to a news media event celebrity like Hayakawa.

Even people like Tunney and Hayden could run well only by attaining celebrity status. But it is still better to be a genuine Hollywood celebrity rather than merely the son or husband of one. (Despite his well-publicized activist past, the polls showed that Hayden started out with a lower name recognition than an average second-rate movie star.) Genuine star status is worth a million bucks, which is exactly what Hayden and Tunney each spent during this campaign on getting their names known. Obviously, if winning is the important thing—and Hayden kept insisting that it was—then the Hollywood left-liberal set should have gone with an established star.

But Hayden argued that he, rather than someone like Shirley MacLaine, should be the candidate because of his past association with political radicalism. He declared himself a symbol of "sixties radicalism become seventies common sense." And indeed the fact that 1.2 million Californians (40 percent of the Democratic vote) voted for this former defendant in the Chicago conspiracy trial and founder of SDS against a liberal incumbent is an impressive achievement. Hayden's vote was larger than Jimmy Carter's in that same California primary, and also more than Tunney's total the first time he ran.

But it is a really heartening achievement only if those who voted for Hayden did so because they associated him with a radical program

ROGER SANDLER/BLACK STAR

rather than as a result of media manipulation, such as his father-in-law's TV endorsements. Henry Fonda sells lots of things on TV these days, and it is discomforting to think of Tom Hayden as another product somewhere between the cameras and floor linoleum that Fonda pushes. The slick Hayden campaign ran the risk of degenerating into a reshuffling of marketable images: Tom Hayden as a born-again Democratic politician, a fresh face in the successful Jerry Brown mold.

It is certainly true that Hayden's campaign increasingly blurred issues in the Jerry Brown manner as it began to scent victory. Tom's basic program was a solidly liberal document with positions slightly to the left of McGovern's. Although not terribly radical, it still proposed a modest restructuring of the economy, and if understood and endorsed by the electorate, that would have proved important. But the pressure of "winning" led to considerable waffling on the issues. Busing was forgotten in the rush to endorse "quality education," Hayden suddenly discovered that he had been an uncritical supporter of Israel all along and it was never quite clear what was being said about the B-1 bomber. On the positive side, it should be said that Hayden came through loud and clear in support of major cuts in the defense budget, as well as for breaking up the oil companies. And Hayden's printed program was a good deal better than anything that the Democratic Party has come up with. But there was little about the Hayden campaign that publicly projected as very different from the campaigns of Church and Udall. Indeed, at one Carter rally in San Francisco, where Hayden people were leafleting on the fringes of the crowd, I blocked out Tom's name and asked press friends if they thought this was an unusual Carter leaflet. None did.

It may be that Tom has proven his main point—that the radical ideas of one decade become the obvious truths of the next. Perhaps also he will come to serve as an effective politician in implementing these ideas. But that only means that the seventies require a new radicalism of their own and a new generation of radical leaders to once again up the ante. Otherwise, the common sense of the seventies will become the reaction of the eighties. By definition, radical ideas will on first formulation be unpopular, troubling, divisive, chaotic and in other ways inconvenient to the lives of established professionals, be they movie stars, journalists, professors, politicians or other socially approved hustlers. For that reason, the endorsement of the stars and the ability to raise a million bucks—and hence the ability to run a campaign like Tom's—cannot be taken as a necessary imprimatur for radical ideas. It's okay with me for Hayden to go respectable, but his attempts at success ought not to be permitted to suck the life out of the raunchy, disheveled radical counterculture that made Hayden—and saved this country.●

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Dodge

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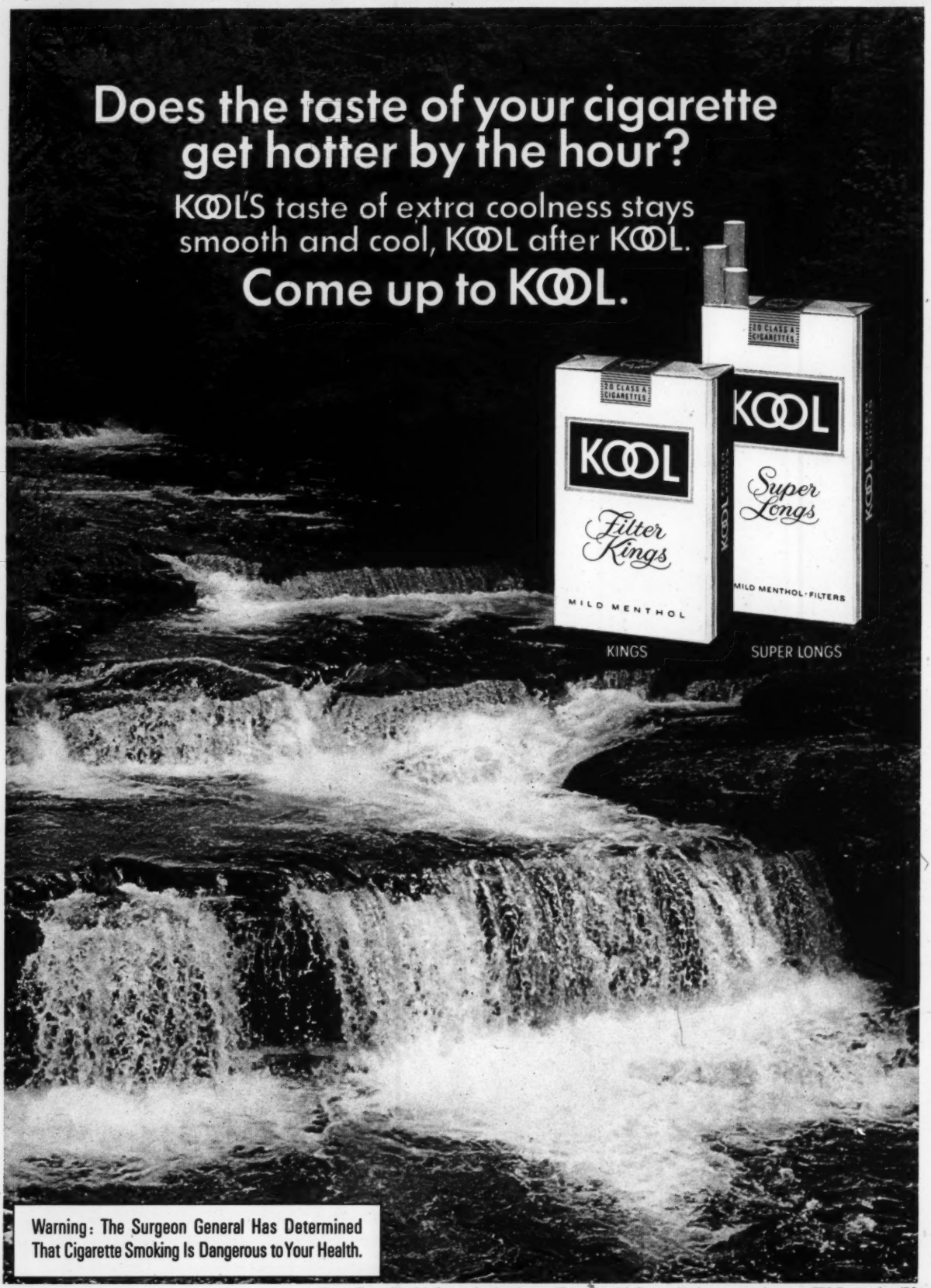
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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

Party Lines

Wallace redux/By Robert Sam Anson

Montgomery, Alabama—I first "met" George Wallace in 1964 about 800 miles north of here. He was in his limousine, about to depart my college campus, and I was part of a small welcoming delegation, trying to pull him out of it and, I guess, lynch him to the nearest tree.

I tried to renew our acquaintance the other day, here in the city that bills itself "The Cradle of the Confederacy," and where, as if to prove it, Jeff Davis' flag still flies over the statehouse—though a local guide hastens to point out that the banner is only for "historical purposes." But the governor wasn't seeing Yankee reporters for a while. He wants to "cool out," an aide explained. And who could blame him. After 12 years of running virtually full-time for the presidency, the chase was finally over. He was out of it. Another Southerner—quite a different kind of Southerner—had taken his place on the national stage and Wallace had endorsed him. All that was left now was finishing out his term (it runs to 1978; an Alabama law prevents him from running again) and looking to his place in the history books. Already, a former aide and friend was hoping that George would get "a couple of paragraphs that would talk about the good things that he did."

It was a modest wish, and somehow you can't help but hope that maybe it'll come true. There were some good things. Alabama did prosper during his terms in office, not as much as neighboring Georgia, to be sure, but light years beyond where it stood when he took over. Aid to education—still dreadfully low by national standards—did increase by 400 percent. And, as you hear over and over again, for all the violence in Birmingham, Lowndes County and on nameless back country roads during the civil rights days, Alabama never saw the howling mobs that ran through the streets of Oxford, Mississippi or, as Southerners would rather place it, Boston, Massachusetts. Wallace likes to take credit for that. By being a lightning rod, by standing in the schoolhouse door, by shaking his fist at the "federal guvment" in Washington, he thinks he gave the rednecks among his people hope and, by giving them hope, kept them in line.

Wallace also likes to think that he "paved the way" for Jimmy Carter to win the nomination, and, of course, that is not true at all. The Southerner that gets credit for that, so says Carter himself, was named Martin Luther King. Wallace could never, and will never, understand that, and in that misunderstanding lies his tragedy, and why Jimmy Carter, another Southern governor, a man nearly his age, and who, in fact, was born and grew up in a town but 60 miles away from Clio, Alabama, Wallace's birthplace, is destined to be president, while George Wallace could never be.

The irony is that it did not have to be so. Wallace—despite what we thought of him back that night in 1964—has never been the Hitlerian figure that so many of us painted him to be. He was merely a man perpetually out of sync with his time. He began, in

WIDE WORLD

fact, as something of a liberal, especially by Black Belt Alabama standards. So moderate on race that Big Jim Folsom, the great Southern populist, appointed him to the board of trustees of all-black Tuskegee Institute. Alabama, however, was not ready for Wallace's brand of progressivism, and he lost his first run for the governorship in 1960, mainly because he was not sufficiently hard-line on race. Vowing never to be "outniggered" again, Wallace wasn't. It was all downhill—schoolhouse door, Birmingham, Selma—from there.

Defiance made him what he is, and that same defiance kept him from being anything more. Looking back on those days, even Wallace's critics tend to be, if not sympathetic, at least understanding. One of the most thoughtful, Ray Jenkins of the *Alabama Journal*, wrote the other day: "It was the old story in the South. In order to get elected here, he had to take stands which made him unelectable in the nation. And in the final days, it is an agony beyond comprehension to him that he is still regarded by many people in this nation as the arch-fiend of American politics. So it is no surprise that when the historic call came through . . . Wallace asked Carter for only one thing: 'Come over and visit me. Tell them I'm not what they think I am.'"

Carter obliged. It was an extraordinary moment seeing the two of them there, so alike and so different, knowing that but for a quirk of history each one could have been in the other's shoes. After it was over, and I had flown back to Plains, Richard Snider, Wallace's campaign manager, reflected on how the times changed. "People don't want to be stirred up anymore," he said. "They've had enough of being stirred up and being angry. That's why Carter won. He came along and said, in that soft voice of his, 'Ya'll calm down. It'll be all right.'"

In Montgomery they are already placing bets on Wallace's successor. One of the early favorites is Bill Baxley, the attorney general, whose chief claim to fame is reopening the still unsolved murder of the four little girls in the Birmingham church bombing of 1963. That Baxley could even consider bringing the killers to justice (their identity is known; the problem now is proof), much less with public approval, is a mark of how much Alabama has changed.

In a sense, George Wallace made the change not only possible but inevitable. He won't, however, be around to be a part of it. There is talk that he will run for John Sparkman's Senate seat in 1978, go out to Washington and, belatedly, become one of the voices for the New South. One suspects, though, that Wallace doesn't have the heart for another political campaign, that, instead, he will go home to Clayton, sit on his front porch and, with Cornelia at his side, reflect on the old days, the good he tried to do and how he was so misunderstood by the people up North.

One day maybe I'll get down to Clayton, and we'll have that chance to talk. Who knows? We may even have something to talk about. ●

Fulminations

The Loser/By Larry L. King

The Loser was girding himself to go upstairs and offer his sword to the Winner. The war was too recently concluded, and the scars too fresh, for Congressman Mo Udall to feel good about it. He made it clear to relatives and a few old pals that he wouldn't crawl to Jimmy Carter or beg to keep his mules for spring planting. His surrender would be conditional and full of pride.

Outside the Statler Hilton, Udall could glimpse Madison Square Garden—where in 28 days more Democrats would convene to officially bestow Jimmy Carter's prize—and for a bit he played the loser's game of thinking of what might have been. If only he'd had more money. If only he'd been alert enough to concede Iowa and had spent those wasted eight days in New Hampshire. If only he'd had a few hundred or a couple of thousand more votes in Wisconsin or Michigan or Connecticut. "But, hell," he said, "if frogs had wings they wouldn't bump their asses."

Somebody asked for whiskey; there was none. "Christ, Mo," the old friend said, "you're far too *clean* a candidate." Udall grinned wryly and said, "That's not what Carter thinks."

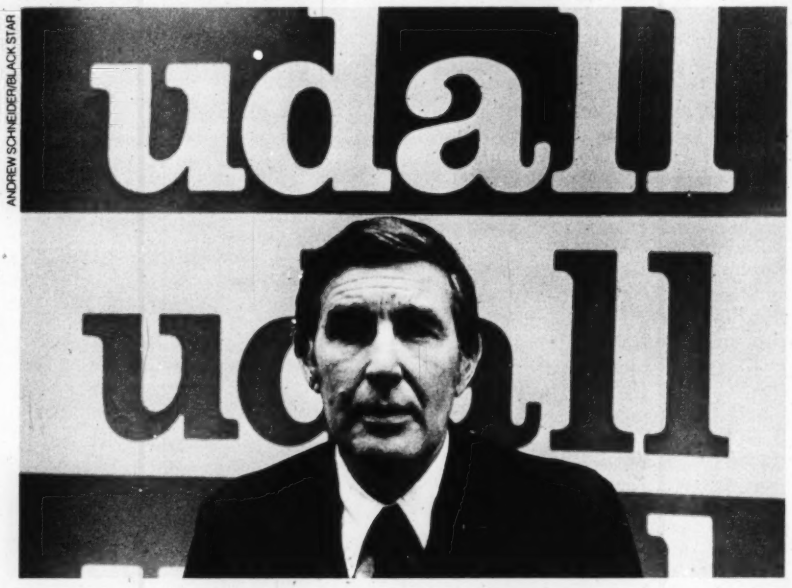
It was plain Udall's heart wasn't in his surrender, even though his head told him the realities: nine consecutive times, in states where he'd had money to make a major effort, "Second Place Mo" had finished in the frustrating runner-up position. In Wisconsin, based on TV networks' projections, he'd claimed victory: "How sweet it is!" When he woke up, he found he'd lost by a freckle and a hair.

"Are you nervous?" a fellow asked.

"Well," Udall said, "they're not real fond of me up there." He pointed in the vague direction of Heaven, though everyone knew he meant to indicate the Carter suite, where they were conducting the happy business of winners and where you couldn't stir the news media folk with a stick. Outside Udall's suite, a corporal's guard of newsmen kept the watch just in case he slipped on a banana peel.

There had been bad blood between the Udall and Carter camps, especially since Michigan, where the loser had come from 20 points behind to an almost win with a hard-hitting campaign accusing Carter of waffling on the issues and maybe of having two faces. It had been a calculated risk: Udall knew that to arouse Carter's ire, and again lose, probably would disqualify him for the vice-presidency even though Carter needed a certified liberal. Sure enough, Jimmy had abandoned his good ol' boy grin to publicly accuse Udall of "negativism" and, privately, was reported to have snorted expletives not indigenous to the Southern Baptist Convention.

Udall, too, had something in his craw. His original scenario—to start earlier than all other liberals and quickly reduce the Democratic primaries to contests between himself and the party's rightmost candidates—had worked to perfection. Except for one peanut-picking thing: Jimmy Carter. As with the rest of us, Udall originally hadn't taken him seriously. Now two years and $3 million had gone to waste.



ANDREW SCHNEIDER/BLACK STAR

"He thinks I'm a sumbitch," Udall said.

An aide entered to say that Carter, running behind schedule, could permit only 20 minutes to accept Udall's sword, rather than the original hour Carter had requested "so we can get to know each other better." Udall grinned as if to say, I told you so.

Udall, wife Ella, daughter Bambi and stepson Buster were in the midst of munching B.L.T. sandwiches when an aide burst in to announce the party was expected upstairs "in three minutes." Everyone jumped as if Jimmy Carter had yelled "frog." Except Udall. He took a few more careful bites and said, "I'm probably not gonna make him happy. I don't want to be an obstructionist, I know he's the nominee. But, goddammit, I just couldn't see rushing in like Church and Wallace and everybody else tripping over themselves to surrender." Udall had been pleased when his New York delegates asked him earlier in the day not to officially withdraw. "As an official candidate," he said, "I'll have access to the vital committees and the convention machinery, I can dicker about the platform, maybe I can hold a foot or two to the fire on issues. And, frankly, I wouldn't think Carter would respect me if I crawled."

He left the room at 12:02 p.m. and was back at 12:43, strangely calm and low-key. Bambi Udall, 21 and slim and lovely, hugged her father and said, "Old man, I'm proud of you." (She had been personally invited to the Carter suite by the governor's 26-year-old son, Chip: these Carters don't miss a trick.) After social chitchat, the two Democratic adversaries had closeted themselves for 20 minutes. "All right," Bambi said, "what happened behind the door?"

"He was amicable," Udall said. "We didn't hug and kiss, but I explained my position and he was attentive. He's a damn good politician, you know. He can turn it on. At one point I assured him that I'd campaign for him this fall"—family groans; Udall

held up a restraining hand—"and told him that the economy couldn't continue to be patchwork, that about every 40 years radical change is required, that a little Teddy Roosevelt is needed. I said that when Standard Oil had been broken up into 33 companies, it helped everybody: stockholders' shares went up, there was room for more executives, even the poor consumer benefited a little. And I said we couldn't keep giving the Pentagon $14 billion in new money every year while the cities rot. And I told him he could jack around waiting to get his feet on the ground or he can strike before the congressional honeymoon's over—like in FDR's first hundred days or when Lyndon Johnson took office."

"How did he react?" Bambi asked.

"He nodded and looked thoughtful," Udall said. Everybody laughed.

"I told him I'd be a factor in the House," Udall went on, "and if he offered good programs I'd be his friend and advocate. And *he* said"—Udall paused, as if maybe it might be just sinking in—" 'You can perform a valuable service there, and I'll consult you often.' "

There was a silence. Then a visitor said, "Goodbye, vice-presidency."

Bambi said, "No mention even of the cabinet?"

"Oh, no, Bams. Hell, he's been planning his campaign four years. His cabinet was probably settled in his mind long ago."

A Secret Service man approached Ella Udall and asked whether he might draw the drapes behind her husband, who was sitting near an open window with his head exposed. She nodded. "Thank you, Mrs. Carter," he said.

"Jesus!" Ella Udall shouted. "Did you hear what this dude called me?" The Secret Service man turned beet red and probably wished for a floor to drop through.

It was time now for Udall to go down and speak to the assembled New York delegates those proper words about unity and bloodying up the Republicans, and he loyally did. On the way down, however, an old chum said, "Mo, how do you read the bastard?"

"Cool and impersonal," he said. "Maybe a little cold."

Udall made his conditional surrender and headed for LaGuardia Airport and Washington. As the loser left the hotel he may not have noticed that from a nearby newsstand Jimmy Carter—on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*—beamed and grinned at his retreating back. ●

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The Insider

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

The next Kennedy/Up with androgyny

Politics

After Teddy

Joe Kennedy's first job out of college—managing Uncle Ted's Senate reelection campaign in Massachusetts—may be only the beginning. Eldest son of the late Robert Kennedy, the 23-year-old Joe is already being groomed as the standard-bearer for the next generation of Kennedys.

That's the scenario Teddy outlined during a late May visit with House Majority Leader Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill. Kennedy told O'Neill that he intends for Joe to seek a U.S. congressional seat from Massachusetts sometime in the future. The seat Teddy favors for Joe happens to be O'Neill's, in the 8th Congressional District—especially attractive because it was once held by John F. Kennedy. Teddy's plan assumes, of course, that the 63-year-old O'Neill, who is expected to become Speaker of the House next term, will decide to retire after a few more terms—while Joe is still young.

O'Neill did not argue the case with Kennedy, who is an old friend, but he did explain politely that there are others interested in the seat as well. In private conversations with congressional colleagues, however, O'Neill has been more blunt. He's reportedly bitter that Kennedy assumed the right to name a successor to the 8th Congressional seat. That's a prerogative O'Neill expected to exercise himself, but then he's well aware that dynasties are tough to beat.

The boys of summer

The revelations in the sex scandal that Elizabeth Ray precipitated on Capitol Hill are likely to widen in scope throughout the summer, according to a senior Democratic legislator. The source says that the Department of Justice is now investigating abuses of the clerk hire allowance, which provides senior congresspersons with extra committee and subcommittee staff slots. Abuses apparently include staff kickbacks of a portion of their salaries to the members of Congress who hire them.

"It reminds me," says our source, "of the old line that Democrats keep their shades up when they should close them, while Republicans pull down their shades when they don't have to." Among those most concerned about a voter backlash are the freshman Democrats in the House, many of whom were elected by razor-thin margins in the wake of Watergate. Most are innocent of any kickback charges, by circumstance if not by choice, since the funds for extra staff allotment come largely with seniority. Several of these first-termers are pressing the House Ethics Committee to conduct a thorough investigation and clear the air before a Democratic Watergate costs them their jobs.

JERRY BERNDT

Joe Kennedy: standard-bearer

I am the President

Gerald Ford decided some time back that his chances of retaining office would be enhanced by projecting a "presidential" image on the campaign trail. When you're scrambling, however, that isn't always easy. Consider these less-than-majestic activities that Ford took part in during a recent campaign tour of the West:

WIDE WORLD

Ford: presidential style

•At a retirement community near Los Angeles, Ford listened to a kazoo band composed of elderly women, danced to the strains of "Tea for Two" with a few women and interrupted a billiards game to shake hands with the players.

•At his first campaign stop in California, the President was greeted by pole vaulter Bob Seagren, who presented him with a pair of track shoes. "Bob, those look great," Ford gushed. "I can run faster and jump higher and do better in California."

•During an obligatory visit to a local factory in Medford, Oregon, Ford watched the entire operation of a lumber mill, from logs to plywood.

•In San Diego, Ford was met by a receiving line of local officials as he stepped off Air Force One. But before he left for a speech downtown, the President worked a second receiving line—made up of miniskirted stewardesses from Pacific Southwest Airlines.

•Never one to deny his party affiliation, the President stopped

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outside his California hotel when he happened upon an elephant named Ginny. He talked briefly with the animal's trainer, and then patted Ginny on the head before leaving.

He's Jerry Ford, and you're not.

The camera never lies

Might there be an Alexander Butterfield equivalent in the Washington sex scandal? Shortly after Elizabeth Ray began telling all, there came the report that orgies had been taking place in a small congressional hideaway—the Board of Education room—access to which is controlled by Speaker of the House Carl Albert. An alert correspondent subsequently pointed out to us that Capitol Hill security includes a series of centrally monitored closed-circuit cameras. And, you guessed it: there's one above the door to the mysterious orgy room. So rise up, you snoops: somewhere in Washington there may be a cop who knows a lot more about hanky-panky than the rest of us.

The man who wouldn't be king

Rep. John Jenrette (D-S.C.) does his best to keep fellow legislators abreast by sending out weekly notices to them on what's happening. Recently, Jenrette, who acts as whip for the freshman Democrats, addressed the following note to 75 first-term colleagues:

"We will have joint sessions Wednesday, June 2nd for the King of Spain, Tuesday, May 18th for the King of France." The notice elicited a flurry

WIDE WORLD

Jenrette: kingmaker

of amused calls, and Jenrette was forced to write a follow-up letter.

"Dear Freshman Colleagues, Please note the following correction to the freshman whip notice of May 6. The King of France will unfortunately be at a summit meeting conference with the Czar of Russia on May 18th and therefore the President of France will be at a joint session of the two houses on that date."

Jenrette's second notice was dated May 7, 1846, two years prior to the fall of the last King of France.

The big bad bear

A brief note on the latest antics of New Hampshire's Republican governor and our favorite right-wing luminary, Meldrim Thomson. Seems that Thomson recently installed a CB radio in his green Lincoln limousine and took on the CB handle "Little Bear." Little Bear uses his unit to report speeders and other traffic-law violators to Smokey the Bear—more familiarly known as the state police. Truckers, in turn, are now wise to the governor and have even given him their own handle. When they spot his limo, the warning goes out to steer clear of "Big Turd."

The Word

Quote of the week

Elizabeth Taylor, replying to director John Dexter about how much money she wanted to appear next fall on Broadway in George Bernard Shaw's *Candida*: "I don't care how much I get, so long as it's one dollar more than Burton got for *Equus*."

London fog

London's hottest gossip, Nigel Dempster, arrived in New York recently expecting to take the town by storm. He thought so much of himself, in fact, that according to staff writers at *New York* magazine, he asked editor Clay Felker for a cool $100,000 to write the magazine's Intelligencer section. Instead, he left town a few weeks later with no contract and a bad case of his own flatulence.

During his two-column tryout with *New York*, Dempster unearthed the titillating news that Deborah Raffin would soon replace Lauren Hutton as Revlon's Ultima face. He proudly reconfirmed the item in his second column. The only problem was that the item proved to be a fake. As Dempster flew off to London, explaining that he'd been misled, *New York* went to press in a third issue with an embarrassing correction.

Meanwhile, it turns out that Felker and company were not the only people Dempster failed to impress. *New York Post* publisher Dorothy Schiff, herself on the lookout for a gossip columnist, interviewed

© JILL KREMENTZ

Dempster: the gossip who didn't

Dempster and sniffed, "I don't like to put anyone down, but I was disappointed. I don't think anyone else has a different opinion, do they?"

Mind & Body

Seeing is believing

If doting parents were part of your childhood, the following statements should have a familiar ring: (1) Sitting close to the TV or holding reading matter inches away damages the eyes; (2) People with weak eyes should rest them often; (3) It hurts the eyes to read in dim light; (4) Looking through strong prescription glasses is bad for the eyes; (5) Glasses should be checked every year; (6) You should use eyewash to keep the eyes clean; (7) Children who read poorly probably have an eye coordination problem that can be corrected with special exercises.

In fact, each statement is a myth, according to University of Michigan ophthalmologist Paul Lichter. He explains: (1) Regardless of the distance at which you read or watch TV, the eye regulates the amount of incoming light. Distance has no relationship to eye strain; (2) Poor vision cannot be improved by resting the eyes; (3) Reading in a dim light, even for prolonged periods, may cause eye discomfort, but it is otherwise harmless; (4) You can look through

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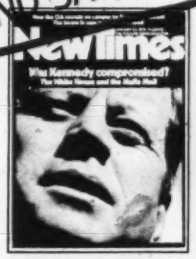

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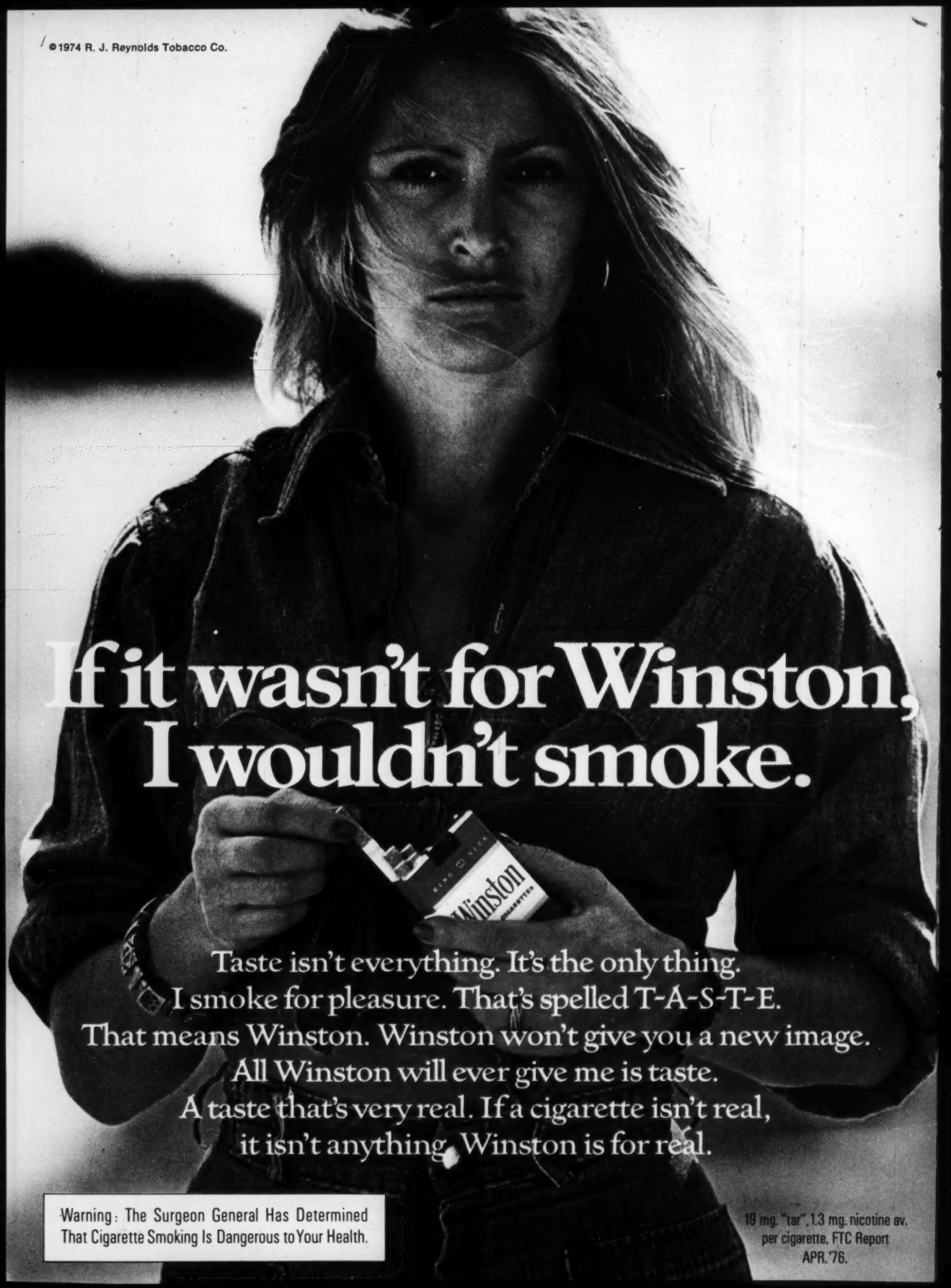
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Don't feel bad if you had some misconceptions. Less than one-sixth of 300 Michigan doctors who took it answered all the questions correctly.

Androgyny is good for your health

What's underneath the tough, confident exterior of a super jock? According to a Stanford University psychologist, hyper-masculine men as well as hyper-feminine women usually think poorly of themselves. Moreover, they score lower on intelligence tests than their more androgynous counterparts.

Dr. Sandra Bem classified 1,500 Stanford student volunteers by their preferences among 60 traits—20 "masculine" (i.e., ambitious, self-reliant, assertive), 20 "feminine" (affectionate, gentle, understanding) and 20 neutral (friendly, likable, truthful). In follow-up personality tests, she found that those who had scored in the masculine and feminine extremes also evidenced less self-assurance, more anxiety and more neurotic conflict. In addition, they tended to score lower on tests for I.Q., spatial ability and creativity.

Dr. Bem speculates that both findings may have something to do with the rigid behavior patterns that hyper-masculine and hyper-feminine people get locked into. "An androgynous personality," she says, "allows a person to be both independent and tender, assertive and yielding, masculine and feminine. It greatly expands the range of behavior open to a person, permitting him or her to have a broader range of experience."

GEORGE BUTLER/PUMPING IRON

Is this man anxious and insecure?

Seventies

Class glass

When a California friend of ours reported some months ago that he'd begun classes in the rather ancient and sedentary art of stained-glass making, we hardly thought he was joining the vanguard.

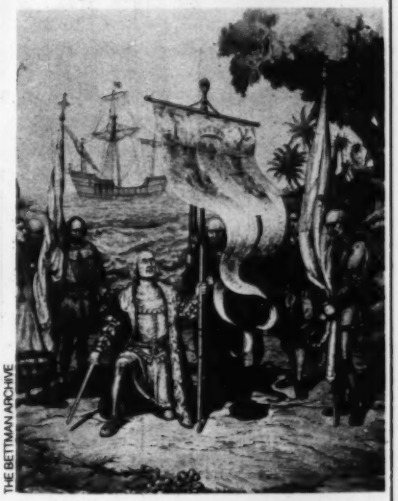
So much for our prescience. The loosely defined "stained-glass industry," as ancient a pursuit as you're likely to find, is now enjoying a renaissance that makes it one of the fastest-growing crafts around, according to the National Geographic Society. Retail trade in stained-glass pieces and supplies, until recently limited to California artisan communities, is now a $25-million-a-year business. Over 500 studios are manufacturing windows and artifacts, selling do-it-yourself supplies and offering classes to hobbyists. Although churches have historically displayed representational windows, the current rage is more impressionistic and—in case you hadn't noticed—no longer limited to religious institutions.

What's so great about stained glass? For one thing, reports our newly expert friend, it represents a unique art form. The skill of blending colors and textures is a virtual sixth sense that requires a delicate balancing of tints and shades. For another, there's the self-improvement angle that no good hobby lacks these days. The cutting and assembling of glass requires such enormous patience and concentration that stained-glass enthusiasts say it has a peaceful, meditative side effect.

Dumping Columbus

Here's a question worth considering in this Bicentennial month: Did Columbus really discover America first?

Stephen Stripp, a South Orange, New Jersey, schoolteacher, has begun a campaign to have a Polish sea captain, Jan of Koln, recognized as America's discoverer. Stripp claims that Jan sailed into Chesapeake Bay in 1467, 25 years prior to Columbus' landing off San Salvador Island.



THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Columbus: America's discoverer?

Meanwhile, an English adventurer, Timothy Severin, thinks the discovery took place even earlier. Severin says that an Irish monk, St. Brendan the Navigator, landed in America nine centuries before Columbus. To demonstrate the plausibility of his claim, Severin is attempting to reconstruct the monk's alleged route between Ireland and Boston. He's sailing in a leather boat from Ireland, through Iceland, Greenland, the Canadian Maritimes and on to Boston.

Frankly, we'll stick with Columbus. It took us long enough to memorize the date 1492.

Post Scripts

Paying the Fine (*NT:* May 28, 1976)

David Fine, the 24-year-old who faced murder charges stemming from the antiwar bombing of the University of Wisconsin's Army Math Center in 1970, has pleaded guilty to three related lesser charges. Under the terms of the plea bargain, Fine's total sentence cannot exceed ten years. Fine, still free on bail pending the completion of pre-sentencing investigation, hopes the judge in the case will choose to sentence him under the provisions of the Youthful Offenders Act. If he does, the maximum sentence would be four years.

Contributors:
Bill Choyk, Larry Frederick, Kitty Kelley, Ernest Lendler, David Rechtman.

The curious aftermath of JFK's best and brightest affair

By Phillip Nobile
and Ron Rosenbaum

Still officially unsolved, the death of Mary Pinchot Meyer triggered a bizarre series of events involving some of the most powerful figures in Washington

The paint was still damp on Mary Meyer's final canvas when she left her studio for a walk. It was a circular canvas. In her recent work she had been exploring the effects of swaying velvety semicircles of color across unprimed circles of canvas.

She pointed an electric fan at the undried painting. It was a chilly fall day; she put on gloves, pulled on a sweater and a sweatshirt over her blouse and covered those three layers with a heavy blue cable-knit angora, complete with hood.

From the outside, the studio looked like the garage it had once been. It was one among a row of garages along an alleyway behind the backs of two rows of brick townhouses fronting on N and O streets in Georgetown. Since her divorce, she had spent three or four days a week working in her studio, a few steps away from some of her closest friends whose homes abutted that alley. Her sister, Tony, and Tony's husband, Ben Bradlee, lived on one end; Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy lived on the other end until they moved to the White House. Occasionally, Mary Meyer would take walks with Jackie along the towpath paralleling the old Chesapeake and Ohio barge canal.

That was where she was heading now, in fact: out the alley, left on 34th Street, down to the foot bridge that leads across the canal and onto the towpath between the canal and the wooded embankment that descends to the Potomac.

She reached the towpath about noon that day, Monday, October 12, 1964. John F. Kennedy had been dead almost a year. It was two days away from Mary Meyer's 44th birthday.

Air Force Lieutenant William Mitchell left the Pentagon Athletic Center on the Virginia side of the Potomac about noon, crossed over the Key Bridge, exited down the steps to the towpath and began his regular run 2 miles west to a fishing spot on the river called Fletcher's Landing and back again. He passed three people on his way west—a middle-aged couple and a young white man in Bermuda shorts.

He passed two more people on his way back east to Key Bridge. First there was the woman in a blue-hooded sweater. He met her just as she was crossing the wooden footbridge a mile from Key Bridge. He came to a full stop in front of the bridge and allowed her to cross it alone to avoid jostling her in mid-passage. Picking up speed again, 200 yards farther east, the lieutenant came upon a black man walking in the same direction as the woman. The man seemed to the lieutenant to be about his size, wearing a light-colored windbreaker, dark slacks and a peaked golf hat. The man's face didn't leave much of an impression on the lieutenant.

Henry Wiggins had just raised the hood of the grey Rambler when he heard the screams. Wiggins had been pumping gas at the M Street Esso station when he got a call to take his truck over to Canal Road, where a Rambler with a dead battery was stalled on a shoulder across from the canal.

The screams were coming from the vicinity of the canal. It was a woman. "Someone help me, someone help me," she cried. Then there was a gunshot. Wiggins ran across the road to the stone wall above the canal. A second gunshot. When he looked over the wall, Wiggins saw a black man in a light jacket, dark slacks and a dark cap standing over the body of a white woman in a blue sweater. Wiggins saw the man place a dark object in the pocket of his windbreaker, then watched him disappear down the far side of the towpath into the wooded incline dropping down to the edge of the Potomac.

James Angleton was angry at his wife, Cicely. Here he was in the middle of a big conference at CIA headquarters—Angleton was then chief of counter-intelligence for the CIA—and his wife was interrupting the meeting with a silly fantasy. According to a radio bulletin, an unidentified woman had been slain on the towpath that afternoon, and Cicely was sure the victim was their close friend Mary Meyer. She had often warned Mary not to go there alone.

Angleton dismissed his wife's anxiety. That evening they had plans to drive Mary Meyer to a poetry reading, and he saw no reason to change anything.

When they arrived at Mary's home that night, her car was in the driveway yet the lights were out inside. A sign hanging on her door said, "Free Kittens—Ring Bell or Call." No one answered the bell. At his wife's insistence, Angleton checked Mary's answering service. They told him Mary had been murdered. The Angletons hurried to the Bradlees' home, where they helped make funeral arrangements. Later that night Angleton returned and rescued three kittens from the empty house.

Soon the CIA chief would learn he had a mission of great delicacy to perform. An intimate of Mary Meyer's had charged him with recovering and disposing of her secret diary, a diary that contained references to a very special affair.

The manhunt began less than five minutes after the murder. When Henry Wiggins phoned the D.C. police from the nearby Esso station, the dispatcher sent squad cars full of men from all over the precinct racing to seal off the five well-marked exits from the towpath across the canal to the streets of Georgetown. With the exits sealed off soon enough, police figured they'd trapped the murderer on the hilly wooded strip of bank between the canal and the river (which was chilly and too wide at that point to afford an escape).

Officer Warner was heading east through the underbrush along the roadbed of the old C & O tracks. He emerged from a detour into a shadowy spillway to find standing, in the middle of the tracks, a short wiry black man, dripping wet and covered with grass and twigs. Water ran out of the wallet the man offered as identification. He said his name was Raymond Crump Jr. He had been fishing around the bend, he told the officer, had fallen asleep on the riverbank and woke up only when he found himself sliding down the bank into the water.

Officer Warner asked Raymond Crump Jr. to show him exactly where "around the bend" he had been fishing. Raymond Crump started to lead him west along the shore. They didn't get far.

When he arrived at the body with the medical examiner and eyewitness Wiggins in tow, Detective Bernard Crooke was struck immediately by how beautiful the murdered woman was. "I've seen a lot of dead women," Detective Crooke says, "but none who looked beautiful when dead. She even looked beautiful with a bullet in her head."

Crooke didn't have much time to reflect upon this. A few minutes after he arrived, as he was still trying and failing to find some identification on the body, a cry went up from Henry Wiggins, who was peering down the bank that descended from the towpath to the C & O roadbed and then down to the river. Wiggins was pointing at two figures on the roadbed below. One was Officer Warner; the other was Raymond Crump Jr. "That's him," shouted Wiggins, pointing at Crump.

Five minutes later, a handcuffed Crump was brought before Crooke. "Why is your fly open?" Crooke asked Crump.

"You did it," Crump said. Crooke didn't like that. He didn't like the fishing alibi Crump told him, but Crump stuck to his story. As he was led past Mary Meyer's body toward a squad car to be booked, Crump looked down at the blue-angora-clad body.

"You think I did that?" he asked.

Crooke thought he did it. Then came what was for Crooke the clincher. He was interrogating Crump back at the stationhouse when one of the men who had been searching the shoreline for the still missing murder weapon brought back to Crooke something he had found in the Potomac—a light-colored windbreaker jacket with a half empty pack of Pall Malls in one of the pockets. Crooke told Crump to try it on. According to Crooke, it fit Crump perfectly.

"It looks like you got a stacked deck," Crooke recalls Crump telling him. Then Crump began to cry. Crooke says he patted him on the back, but the sobs only increased.

Ms. Dovey Roundtree is a black woman, an ordained minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church and one of the best homicide lawyers in Washington. She claims an acquittal rate of 80 percent for clients accused of murder. In addition to a steel-trap legal intellect and an aggressive courtroom style, she brings to the task of winning over a jury some of the righteous fervor and persuasive eloquence of the pulpit.

One day in December 1964 a black woman, a church-going A.M.E. Christian, came to Ms. Roundtree's law offices and asked for her help. Her son, Raymond Crump Jr., stood accused of first-degree murder and couldn't make bail. Her son was innocent, the mother told Ms. Roundtree. She knew in her heart he was a meek, gentle boy. He had had some hard times—a bad accident a year ago, troubles with his wife, some problems with drinking and work—but he was not a murderer. Roundtree took the case. She started her own private investigation: she was determined to find out who this woman Mary Meyer was, and who her friends were.

It was a wedding of special grace and promise. When Mary Eno Pinchot and Cord Meyer Jr. married in the bride's Park Avenue home in the spring of 1945, life seemed rather splendid. They were both monied, talented and justly full of expectation. She was the most beautiful girl in Vassar's class of '42. He graduated Yale Phi Beta Kappa, summa cum laude and won the Alpheus Henry Snow Award as "the senior adjudged by the faculty to have done the most for Yale by inspiring his classmates."

Mary came from one of America's prominent political families—the Pinchots of Pennsylvania. Her uncle, Gifford Pinchot, a two-term governor of his home state in the twenties and thirties as well as a noted forester, was often mentioned as a dark horse for the Republican presidential nomination. Her father, Amos Pinchot, a radical lawyer, helped organize the breakaway Bull Moose Party for Teddy Roosevelt in 1912. He later became a pacifist and an American First critic of FDR's internationalism. Our declaration of war against the Axis drove him to attempt suicide. The Pinchot fortune, based on the lucrative dry goods business of Mary's paternal grandfather, James, and augmented by the large inheritance of his wife, Mary Eno, reached into the millions.

Cord's blood lines were less illustrious but similarly marked by wealth and politics. His great grandfather grew rich in sugar and his grandfather, a state chairman of the New York Democratic Party, in Long Island real estate. Cord Meyer Sr. served as a diplomat in Cuba, Italy and Sweden before retiring from government service when he fathered a second set of twin sons in the twenties.

At the time of the marriage, Cord was serving as a military aide to Commander Harold E. Stassen, then a U.S. delegate at the drafting of the United Nation's Charter in San Francisco. He had lost an eye to a Japanese grenade on Guam and published "Waves of Dark-

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Author of the piece: of all the stories Mary Meyer wrote as a journalist, her personal diary in the end attracted the most attention from the public.

Free-lance writer and columnist Phillip Nobile is author of Intellectual Skywriting: Literary Politics and the New York Review of Books; *Ron Rosenbaum is executive editor of* [MORE] *magazine.*

ness," a moving, often anthologized short story of the disillusions of war, in the December 1945 *Atlantic*. In 1947 the Junior Chamber of Commerce named him one of the ten outstanding young men in the United States. As spokesman for the liberal United World Federalists, he crusaded across the country for the idea of world government. After listening to one of Cord's speeches, Merle Miller noted in his journal: "If Cord goes into politics he'll probably not only be President of the United States; he may be the first president of the parliament of man. And if he does become a writer, he's sure to win the Nobel Prize."

Great expectations: life was splendid for the young Meyers, who were monied, talented and, as *Mademoiselle* cooed in 1948, leading the nation to peace.

Cord did not fulfill Miller's prophecy. At the urging of Allen Dulles, he joined the Central Intelligence Agency in 1951 and developed into a determined anti-Communist operative, eventually rising to the post of assistant deputy director of plans, better known as the dirty tricks department. His presence was deemed difficult in Washington society. Apparently, he handled neither himself nor women very well. By 1956, after 11 years of marriage, Mary, then 36, could no longer tolerate living with Cord and the CIA, a business she hated. She divorced him and moved across the Potomac from McLean, Virginia, where RFK was her next-door neighbor and friend, to a Georgetown townhouse around the corner from her sister, Mrs. Benjamin Bradlee, and their mutual good friend Senator John Kennedy.

It was Mary, not Cord, who eventually attained the White House. The grace and promise of their wedding twisted in unforeseen fashion. While he skulked in the CIA, even briefing JFK on occasion, she became the secret Lady Ottoline of Camelot.

Jack and Mary first met at Vassar. Kennedy (Harvard '40) dated several members of Mary's class, including her chum Dorothy Burns. "Everybody knew everybody then," says Scottie Fitzgerald Smith, F. Scott Fitzgerald's daughter and Mary's classmate. The women closest to Mary on campus refused to reminisce about her. But interviews with acquaintances indicate that she did not particularly distinguish herself at Vassar. Selection for the daisy chain, a wreath of daisies borne at graduation by the comeliest and most personable sophomores, seems her only honor. "Mary wasn't very gregarious," Scottie Smith remarks. "She didn't mingle about. She was an independent soul. I always thought of her as a fawn running through the forest."

A short story entitled "Futility" in the April 1941 *Vassar Review and Little Magazine*, the single extant sample of her campus writing, suggests a free and wildly imaginative spirit. A young lady, bored with the "chicly cadaverous" women who are "being too killing about Noel Coward's love life" at a Park Avenue cocktail party, runs off to a hospital for a strange operation. She wants to have the ends of her optical nerves attached to the hearing part of the brain and the auditory ends to the seeing part so that everything she sees she hears and vice versa. The surgery was a success. The young lady returned to the apartment now empty of partygoers and lay down on the hostess' sofa. Mary concluded the fantasy: "The lighted aquarium, like a window to a green outdoors, shone above the mantle in the dark room. The copper fish undulated aimlessly among the other weeds, and as she watched them, she heard the far off buzz of men's and women's voices chattering in the room, the sound of glass clinking against ice, Beatrice's voice rising and falling. The low murmur hummed on and on, and Ruth fell asleep. And because her eyes were closed, she heard nothing to disturb her, and slept forever on the chartreuse couch."

After Vassar, Mary went to work for the United Press in New York City, and there fell in love with Bob Schwartz, a home-front staffer for the GI newspaper *Yank*. For the sake of Mary's mother, they maintained separate quarters, but their intense three-year involvement was public knowledge. The Pinchots accepted the relationship. The couple traveled together and passed many weekends at the several-thousand-acre Pinchot estate in the Poconos. Now an entrepreneur in Tarrytown, New York, Schwartz would say only that he was Mary's first love and that he had ended it in 1944, before Cord returned from the Pacific. "Mary was unbelievable to behold," Schwartz avowed. "She was uncompromising about her view of the world and had great strength about it."

Although Mary considered medical school, she took her $30-a-week feature writing job at U.P. seriously. In 1944 she free-lanced three well-turned pieces on "meteorbiology," venereal disease and college sex courses for *Mademoiselle*. Criticizing squeamish public attitudes toward the wartime epidemic of syphilis and gonorrhea, she wrote, "Though the spirochete is better barred from the body, there's no reason to ban awareness of it from the mind." In "Credits for Love," she endorsed sex education "as a means to a happier and less hazardous private life."

Scottie Fitzgerald Smith was at *Time* during this same period and saw a lot of Mary. They lunched and partied together. Scottie recalls that Mary enjoyed skinny-dipping *ensemble* in the bubbling "champagne pond" under the idyllic waterfall on the Pocono property. "She was unconventional and broke the rules of our generation. But her unconventionality was quiet and disciplined. She was never a showoff." Asked to describe Mary's appeal to men, her old friend remarked, "Mary had perfectly lovely skin and coloring. She always looked like she had just taken a bath. A man once told me that she reminded him of a cat walking on a roof in the moonlight. She had such tremendous poise. Whether she was merely shy or just controlled, I don't know. She was very cool physically and psychologically, a liberated woman long before it was fashionable."

Mary's first son, named Quentin after Cord's twin who had died on Oki-

NEWS FLA

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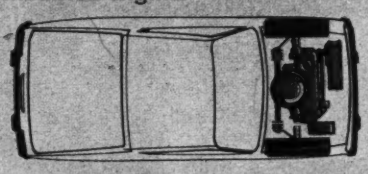

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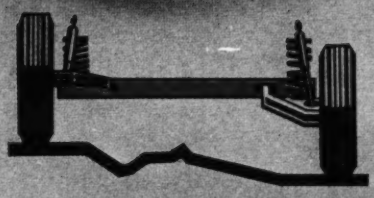

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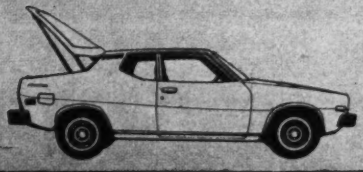

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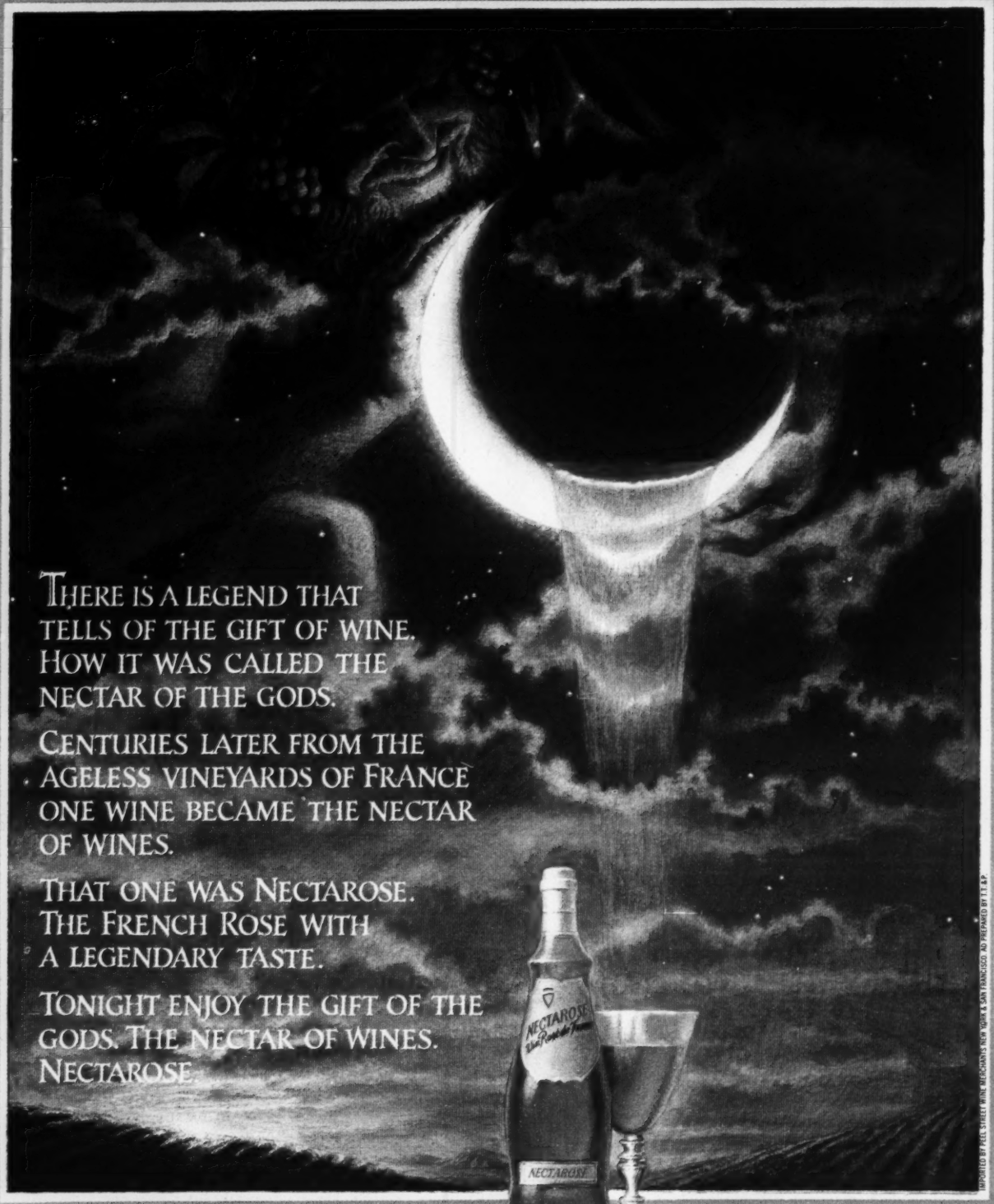
THERE IS A LEGEND THAT
TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE.
HOW IT WAS CALLED THE
NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE
AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE
ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR
OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE.
THE FRENCH ROSE WITH
A LEGENDARY TASTE.
TONIGHT ENJOY THE GIFT OF THE
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THE NECTAR OF WINES

NECTAROSE

nawa, was born in 1946. She thereupon combined motherhood and manuscript-reading at *Atlantic Monthly* while Cord studied at Harvard. Soon she retired from her literary career to assist her husband's world government efforts and bear two more sons, Michael and Mark. After the divorce was all but decided in 1956, Michael was killed by a car in McLean. This tragedy affected both parents deeply, but it did not bring them back together; it could not salvage the marriage. "She respected Cord but wanted to make it on her own as a painter," explains a Washington intimate. "Why should she have to go to dinners with the director of the CIA when she'd rather be in her studio?"

After the separation, Mary fell under the influence of Kenneth Noland, a painter who was one of the founders of what became known as the "Washington Color School." Inspired by Helen Frankenthaler's revolt against the "too painterly" qualities of Abstract Expressionism, Noland and the late Morris Louis, both residents of Washington in the fifties, began experimenting with new techniques of applying paint to canvas. They made color, rather than structure or subject, their primary concern. They and their disciples tended to concentrate on a single format. Louis worked with the bleeding edge, Noland on targets and Gene Davis in stripes. This small community significantly affected the history of American art and made some of its members famous and wealthy.

Mary chose to paint in *tondo*; that is, on rounded canvasses. Like her lover Noland, four years her junior, she focused on swaths of circular color. Her painting *Blue Sky* presently hangs in the Manhattan apartment of poet Barbara Higgins, a friend from the early sixties. *Blue Sky*, a very early work, is a 6' by 5'6" rectangle, but large semicircular bands of green, blue and orange color resting above and below two hard-edged horizontal lines show evidence of her later direction. "When Mary started painting large pictures, she began freeing herself," Mrs. Higgins says. "She felt she was making a breakthrough and was happier than I'd ever seen her."

Mary's long friendship with John F. Kennedy continued throughout their respective marriages. She regularly attended Kennedy White House soirees in the company of her sister, Tony, and Ben Bradlee. We now know, originally through the *National Enquirer*, that a sexual relationship began in January 1962. In September 1963, Mary and Tony Bradlee flew with JFK in the presidential helicopter to the Pinchot estate in Milford, Pennsylvania, where JFK officially accepted on behalf of the government the donation of a mansion and some land.

"That in itself was probably not enough to command the President's presence," writes Ben Bradlee in *Conversations with Kennedy*, "but a chance to see where his friends the Pinchot girls had grown up, and especially a chance to see their mother, was apparently irresistible. . . ."

A few weeks later, in the awful month of November 1963, Mary Meyer's first show opened at Washington's Jefferson Place Gallery. The reviews were quite good, recalls Nesta Dorrance, then director of the now-defunct gallery. She feels it was too soon for Mary's potential as an artist to be judged.

The friends of Mary Meyer choose words like "warmth . . . vibrance . . . loyalty . . . mystery and strength" to describe her.

It was Mary, not Cord, who eventually attained the White House. While he skulked in the CIA, she became the secret Lady Ottoline of Camelot

"Mary had a half-sister, Rosamond, a Broadway actress who committed suicide in 1938," one friend remarked. "Rosamond used to go down to the Pinchot stables at midnight, saddle a horse and gallop at full speed across the estate. Mary was awed by her, she thought it was poetic. That was the feeling we all had for Mary."

On the Saturday following Mary Meyer's murder, five people gathered at her Georgetown home and tore it apart searching for the secret diary. Sometime before she died, Mary had entrusted to her friends James and Ann Truitt the fact of her affair with JFK and the existence of a diary recounting some of her evenings with the President. Truitt was then a vice-president of the *Washington Post*; his wife, Ann, was a sculptor and confidante of Mary. Before they departed for Tokyo in 1963, where Truitt was to become *Newsweek* bureau chief, Mary discussed the disposition of her diary in the event of her death. She asked them to preserve it, and to show it to her son Quentin when he reached the age of 21.

The Truitts were still in Tokyo when they received word of the towpath murder, and the responsibility for the diary was communicated to their mutual friend James Angleton, through still uncertain channels.

Mary Meyer was accustomed to leaving her diary in the bookcase in her bedroom where, incidentally, she kept clippings of the JFK assassination. The diary was not there after her death.

Angleton therefore brought some of the specialized tools of his black-bag trade—white gloves, drills, etc.—to the task of combing the house. Also there to aid in the search were other members of Mary Meyer's circle: Tony Bradlee; Cord Meyer; a former college roommate, Ann Chamberlain; and Angleton's wife, Cicely.

They tapped walls, looked in the fireplace and turned over bricks in the garden, finding nothing and exhausting themselves in the process. Cord lit a smoky fire, Angleton pitched in washing dishes and the whiskey flowed. One frustrated seeker went out into the garden and yelled up to the sky, "Mary, where's your damned diary?"

It wasn't in the house at all. Tony located it in Mary's studio later, along with the canvasses she was readying for what would have been her second gallery show. The diary was in a locked steel box filled with hundreds of letters.

Neither the police nor the prosecutor was aware of the existence of a diary when Raymond Crump went on trial for the murder of Mary Meyer on July 19, 1965.

"This is a classic textbook case of circumstantial evidence," Prosecutor Albert Hantman told the jury.

Prosecutor Albert Hantman was missing certain direct links in what seemed on the surface an airtight case. He didn't have the murder weapon. He'd had the riverbank searched, he'd had scuba divers rake through the muck at the bottom of the Potomac. No gun. And his eyewitness, Henry Wiggins, would only testify to a "glance" at the man he saw standing over Mary Meyer's body. Hantman's case had many strengths despite this. Crump's fishing alibi sounded implausible in many ways. He claimed he'd lost his fishing pole and "chicken hair" bait in his fall into the Potomac. But a nosy neighbor had observed him leaving home that morning carrying no fishing tackle at all and wearing a dark plaid cap and a light colored windbreaker which matched those worn by the assailant.

Hantman decided the only way to prove that Mary Meyer's murderer and Raymond Crump were one and the same man was to reconstruct in detail the movements of each before, during and after the murder, and to prove that no one but Raymond Crump was present on or about the towpath when Mary Meyer died.

Hantman even went so far as to try to introduce a large tree branch into court as evidence. Hantman justified this unusual request by claiming that the position of the bloodstains on the tree—and he waved about in open court a vial of Mary Meyer's blood scraped from the tree—would support his reconstruction of Mary Meyer's death struggle.

The murderer first tried to drag Mary Meyer down into the bushes on the bank behind the towpath, the prosecutor told the jury, hinting strongly at a sexual motive for the initial assault. Then, Hartman said, "she grabbed the tree . . . holding on for her life. She didn't want to lose sight of the people; and he was attempting to pull her down behind the canal. She struggled and fought. His jacket was torn. Her slacks were torn. His finger was cut. She had abrasions and contusions on various parts of her body. He shot her once and she resisted. She broke away from him. She ran across the towpath. She fell. She was alive and he had to shoot her again so she couldn't identify him."

By trying to prove everything so precisely from circumstantial evidence, Hantman left Roundtree several opportunities to challenge successfully any absolute interpretation of such elements as the bloodstains and hair fiber analysis. She forced a National Park Service mapmaker to concede that there were other possible exits from the riverbank area that had not been sealed off by the police. In the end she rested her case without calling a single witness. Instead, she presented a powerful final summation that came down hard on Air Force Lieutenant Mitchell's description of the man following Mary Meyer on the towpath as "about my size." William Mitchell's size was 5'8", 145 pounds. Roundtree told the jury: "Look at this little man, Ray Crump. He is your Exhibit A." Crump, she said, was only 5'3". She reminded the jury that "only the official exits had been sealed" and raised the specter of "a phantom" killer who escaped the manhunt by way of an unmarked exit.

Dramatic as Roundtree's summation was, Prosecutor Hantman pushed the pitch of the drama almost over the edge into farce in his rebuttal argument. He decided to take on directly Roundtree's Exhibit A—Ray Crump's short stature as compared to the 5'8" height of the man William Mitchell had observed following Mary Meyer. Hantman played his trump: the elevator shoe demonstration. "The defendant," Hantman said, "was 5' 5½" when he was taken to identification."

Then Hantman dramatically placed government Exhibit 17 on the lectern in full view of the jury. Government Exhibit 17 was a pair of Ray Crump's shoes—the pair he was wearing when he was arrested.

"Look at the heels of these shoes," Hantman cried. "They are practically Adler-heel shoes. There are at least . . . two inches of heel on that pair of shoes. . . . This is what gave Lt. Mitchell the appearance that this defendant was his size."

The case went to the jury on July 29, 1965. After five hours of deliberation the jury foreman sent to the judge for answers to the following questions: "Was Ray Crump right-handed or left-handed? Did the police ever permit Crump to show them where he claimed to be fishing and from where he fell?"

The real questions circle around Mary's diary: what was in it, who read it, what became of it?

The judge told the jury they would have to depend upon their own recollection for the answers to those questions. The jury deliberated for a few more hours, then sent a second note to the judge informing him they were deadlocked eight to four. They did not say which way. The judge instructed them they were not "hopelessly" deadlocked and ordered them to return to their deliberations. At 11:35 a.m. on July 30, after a total of 11 hours, they sent word they had finally reached a verdict. They found Raymond Crump not guilty.

The acquittal left the murder of Mary Meyer officially unsolved. But Washington police never reopened the investigation. They closed the towpath murder file after the trial. "Without a full confession and witnessing it myself," remarks Inspector Bernard Crooke, "there's no question in my mind that Ray Crump shot Mary Meyer." Like the detective in the film *Laura*, Crooke became somewhat captivated by the victim. He leafed through several old homicide notebooks stored in his current office at Third District Headquarters on V Street to refresh his recollection of the case. Homicide detectives interviewed at least 100 friends of Mary Meyer. Apparently, nothing untoward turned up; any prior association with Crump was ruled out after a check of her personal belongings. Crooke recalls going through her deep, narrow townhouse and being amused by the contrast of the exquisite antique furnishings and the starkly functional bathroom with a sunken tub. Crooke was also struck by the formal written invitation to a simple date with a gentleman that he found on her desk. "We learned that she was seeing several men," he says, "and most healthy women engage in sex, especially when you look 25 and you're free. She would have quickened the pulse of many men."

Crooke discovered a diary-type calendar in Mary Meyer's home, but not any larger diary. "I'd have been very upset at the time if I knew the deceased's diary had been destroyed. It could be a crime if something in it were related to her death."

Dovey Roundtree believes Mary Meyer's murderer is still at large, although she has no particular person in mind. In her pre-trial investigation, Roundtree pursued the ghost of Mary Meyer in the hope of locating another suspect or a suggestion of one. If her client was innocent, as she truly believed, then somebody else, perhaps a boyfriend, committed the act. Although she despised making sexual innuendos about dead women in court, she was prepared to raise the matter. "She had a lot of different men," Ms. Roundtree comments in her law office at Roundtree, Knox, Hunter and Pendarvis. "Some were younger. For a woman her age, you'd think she'd just have one person. I thought it was unusual even though she was an artist. I was looking for motivation. I narrowed it down to people who knew her and her habits, who may have argued with her and had a confrontation. I thought we were getting close to something sexual or some other reason which I didn't understand myself. But after the prosecution introduced a mountain of evidence, I decided to keep my case as simple as possible. Hantman was a most frustrated man. He wanted Ray Crump on the witness stand and would have destroyed him. Ray had goofed off from work and took a six-pack of beer fishing to get away from his bitchin' wife. They wanted to massacre and burn this boy. If I failed, he would die."

Ms. Roundtree recalls a number of anonymous phone calls in the course of the case, directing her to secret meetings. Wary of a trap, she stayed away.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WASHINGTON POST/ARTHUR ELLIS

Gone fishing: Raymond Crump Jr. was found, dripping wet, a short distance from the site of the murder. He said he'd been fishing and fell into the canal.

The trial proceedings seemed rushed to her. She learned that Mary Meyer had a high White House clearance and that her diary was burned before the trial. "I thought the government had something to do with the whole case," she says. Her client, Ray Crump, left Washington after the trial. He thinks he was framed the first time, she says, and lives in fear that someone will come after him again.

Fourteen years after the murder, the *National Enquirer* disinterred the untold story of Mary Meyer in its issue dated March 2, 1976. The bold front-page headline read "JFK 2 YEAR WHITE HOUSE ROMANCE . . . Socialite Then Murdered and Diary Burned by CIA." The tabloid's eager source was James Truitt. According to Truitt, whose quotes comprised almost the entire text, JFK first asked her to go to bed with him in the White House in December 1961. A current involvement with an artist caused her to reject his proposal. But beginning in January she kept regular sexual rendezvous with the President until his assassination. "She said she had to tell someone what was happening," Truitt informed the *Enquirer*. "So she confided in me and my former wife, Ann."

If Truitt's revelations are to be believed, Mary loved JFK but realized their liaison would be limited to brief encounters even though, as she told Truitt, he felt "no affection of a lasting kind" for his wife. Their arrangement apparently had its comic moments. Truitt's notes record an episode in July of 1962 during which Mary turned on JFK with two joints of marijuana. He laughed as he mentioned an imminent White House conference on narcotics. "This isn't like cocaine," he reputedly said. "I'll get you some of that."

Furthermore, the *Enquirer* disclosed that Mary's personal diary, containing references to JFK and several love letters from him, were discovered by her sister, Tony Bradlee, in her garage studio and surrendered to James Angleton of the CIA, who had aided in the search.

The *Enquirer* account raised the question of an official CIA connection to the death. The tabloid called the murder "unsolved" and suggestively characterized the official view of the case as "a lone gunman" theory. Immediately after the acquittal of Ray Crump there was talk in Georgetown circles of the possibility of conspiracy in Mary Meyer's death—one person close to the case heard speculation about "KGB sacrificial murders." And Patrick Anderson's recent novel, *The President's Mistress*, postulates a Georgetown paramour of a Kennedyesque president murdered by an overzealous aide in a struggle over a memoir of the White House affair. But no evidence to support such talk has ever been uncovered, and no one has ever pointed to a better suspect than Ray Crump. Even if someone other than Ray Crump did kill Mary Meyer—another black man in a light windbreaker, dark slacks and golf cap—in the absence of evidence to the contrary from any source, the violence done to her on the towpath that day is more likely to have been random rather than conspiratorial. None of the many friends of Mary Meyer we spoke to has suggested any other motive.

The real questions left unanswered in the wake of the *Enquirer* revelation circle around Mary Meyer's diary: What was in it, who read it, what became of it, what if anything did it reveal about the nature of her relationship with JFK and why did the people involved in the search for the diary behave so strangely when its existence became public after 14 years of silence?

The close circle of friends that linked Mary Meyer and JFK had gathered at her home in the wake of her murder to search for the diary in order to fulfill one of her final requests. Some of them had even, several years later, attended a seance in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, at which some attempt was made to establish "contact" with her departed spirit. And for 14 years all of them had kept the story not only out of the public press but for the most part out of the mainstream of subterranean Washington gossip. For years before Judith Exner or any of the women with whom JFK consorted became household words in the mass media, the names of many of them were quite familiar to the Georgetown Camelot set.

But the Mary Meyer revelation shocked even some veteran observers of that scene. "It was a bombshell," said one, "not because it *happened* but because nobody I know ever heard a whisper."

After the secret legacy shared by that circle of friends became tabloid headlines in 1976, all the resentments, hatreds, bitterness and infighting that

had been building among the members of the circle since the deaths of the secret lovers suddenly broke out into the open. Without that shared secret they appeared to have nothing to unite them. James Truitt betrayed his confidence to get Ben Bradlee, Bradlee's newspaper questioned Truitt's mental health, Bradlee accused Angleton of a lock-pick "break-in" at Mary Meyer's studio, Angleton called Bradlee a liar, Tony Bradlee, now divorced from Ben, contradicted her husband's version of some of the key events.

Without the secret, Mary's friends had nothing to unite them: Truitt betrayed his confidence to get Bradlee; Bradlee accused Angleton of a break-in; Angleton called Bradlee a liar

The aftermath is a tale of disappointed expectations, revenge and disloyalty, as sad and pathetic in its way as the death of Mary Meyer and the destruction of other illusions of Camelot.

James Truitt strongly resents Ben Bradlee. The fact that he would trample the memory of his beloved friend Mary to embarrass Bradlee is one measure of his animus. In happier days, Truitt held a position of some importance at the *Washington Post*. He was the right-hand man of its publisher, Philip Graham. After Graham shot himself in the summer of 1963, Truitt wound up in the Tokyo bureau of *Newsweek*, another *Post* company. Bradlee, transferred to the *Post* from *Newsweek*'s Washington bureau in 1965, brought Truitt back to Washington, where he worked on the paper's new "Style" section. Unfortunately, he did not perform especially well and had a nervous breakdown in 1969. Truitt believes that Bradlee conspired to have him fired and that the *Post* did not keep certain promises to him after Graham's suicide. Truitt told *Enquirer* researcher Bernie Ward that he exposed the Mary Meyer affair with JFK in order to show up Bradlee. "Here is this great crusading Watergate editor who claimed to tell everything in his Kennedy book," Ward quotes Truitt as saying, "but really told nothing."

If the executive editor of the *Post* covered up for JFK, his paper did not extend the same courtesy to Truitt. The *Post* gave front-page attention to Truitt's crack-up in its February 23 story on the Mary Meyer revelations.

After reporting the *Enquirer*'s assertions in detail, including confirmation of the upcoming narcotics conference that JFK supposedly referred to while stoned in the White House, *Post* staffer Don Oberdorfer cited a doctor's certification contained in court records that Truitt had suffered from a mental illness "such as to impair his judgment and cause him to be irresponsible." An anonymous Washington attorney added that Truitt had threatened Bradlee and others in recent years with exposure of the "alleged scandals." Thus the *Post*, while giving admirable play to an extremely touchy subject, created the hard impression that Truitt was an unreliable source—even though Bradlee knew that Truitt was essentially truthful about Mary Meyer and JFK.

The motives behind the Bradlee-Angleton clash are less clear. They also had been friends. But as far back as 1965 Bradlee seems to have hurt Angleton in the *Post*. According to one source, in 1968 Bradlee took the initiative to write an unsigned *Post* story on a book by Kim Philby (Britain's counter-intelligence chief in the pay of the KGB), a story that purposely ignored all favorable references to Angleton while quoting the unfavorable mentions. When Angleton asked him why he treated a friend like that, Bradlee denied authorship.

Their feud burst forth again over the matter of Mary Meyer. A *Post* reporter close to Bradlee recalls that Bradlee informed him long ago that he, Bradlee, had caught Angleton breaking into Mary's studio in quest of the hot document. "Ben was surprised to see him there with his lock pick," he says. *Post* columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman cited the same hearsay in *The New York Review of Books* (June 10, 1976), where he observed that the residence of a presidential paramour "was broken into by a CIA agent and her diary burned." During Seymour Hersh's attempt to pin down his CIA domestic surveillance scoop, a man from the *Times* called Angleton and accused him of the studio break-in.

Ben Bradlee, who seems to have been telling the Angleton lock-pick tale around town for some time, stood by its accuracy. "Angleton was trying to get in," he affirmed in a phone interview, "but ultimately he was invited in." But Bradlee, while he could not account for Angleton's lock-picking zeal, quickly disavows any CIA angle. "If there was anything there," Bradlee said regarding the agency's shadow over the case, "I would have done it [written the story] myself."

Angleton angrily denies the break-in charge. "It is a total lie," Angleton told us. "I was never at the studio."

One source, who tends to take Angleton's side in the Angleton/Bradlee dispute, also accuses Bradlee of disloyalty to Mary Meyer. According to this source, Bradlee considered exposing her affair with JFK himself in *Conversations with Kennedy*, until others pressured him against it.

In fact, Bradlee did allude to JFK's fascination with Mary Meyer in the following passage:

> The conversation ended, as those conversations often ended, with his views on some of the women present—the overall appeal of the daughter of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and Mary Meyer. "Mary would be rough to live with," Kennedy noted, not for the first time. And I agreed, not for the first time.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WASHINGTON POST

Chatty confidant: James Truitt, who learned of the Kennedy affair from Mary, gave the *Enquirer* the story to show up Ben Bradlee and his Kennedy book.

What did JFK mean? "I don't know," Bradlee told us. What sort of woman was Mary? "She was marvelous," he said. (The Bradlee-Kennedy exchange on Mary Meyer took place in February of 1962—just a month after the affair was inaugurated in Truitt's chronology.)

Also, according to the same source allied to Angleton, Mary Meyer herself was not on speaking terms with

WIDE WORLD

Dear diary: CIA chief Angleton, who read Mary's letters and diary, let some people know he had burned everything.

Bradlee for the last six months of her life because she felt he had given away a confidence of hers in *Newsweek*. Bradlee continues to deny that he was aware of the JFK-Mary Meyer affair before the *Enquirer* story—even though, as he admitted to us, he read through the diary in 1964.

"Were you surprised to learn of the liaison?" we asked Bradlee.

"Of course I was surprised," he said. "I was amazed."

The whole story of the life, death and resurrection of Mary Meyer is immensely complex and it is not complete here. Many friends and relatives understandably drew back from the public controversy. Many refused all comment, others misled and misspoke. However, from unpublished materials and interviews with intimate sources, we have found certain things that can be said about the contents of the diary and the letters and the nature of the affair itself.

James Angleton read those letters. He also read the diary. He catalogued the letters. He took notes on some of them. He offered certain people the opportunity to repossess letters they had written to Mary Meyer.

In a letter Angleton wrote to Truitt after the diary search, he said two other persons whom Angleton identified only as "M" and "F" had read the diary. "M" and "F" told Angleton they wanted to preserve certain edited parts.

One other person was permitted to see the diary: Mary Meyer's older son, Quentin, then 18, read deeply in the private papers and subsequently wrote his brother, Mark, about the contents.

In an unpublished draft of the *Enquirer* story, Mary's sister, Tony, reveals far more about Mary, JFK and the diary. (Publicly, Tony denies corroborating the *Enquirer* story.)

"Mary and JFK did have a close relationship. You obviously know that much and that's true," she told the *Enquirer*, according to this draft. She continues:

> I didn't know anything at all about it at the time. What I understand of it afterwards, it was a fling, another of Jack's flings. If Mary had any relationship of the kind she went into it with her eyes open.
>
> We did find it[the diary] in the studio. I don't remember where. It may have been in a filing cabinet. I was the one who found it. We were going through her belongings and there it was. Yes, it's true we were looking for it. None of us read it. We were all honor bound not to. [Here Truitt wrote "no" in the margin.] The diary was a slim volume. All I remember is that it was like a sketchbook with a nice paisley-colored cover on it. It was kind of a loose leaf book, nothing like Ben's book he was taking things down in, just a woman's notes about what she had been doing. I swear I don't remember what was in it, I went through it so quickly. And I remember there were some JFK's in it. There were some references to him. It was a dreadful time but as I remember it had pencil marks. It was very cryptic and difficult to understand. Not much there but some reference to JFK. I felt it was something we shouldn't look at. There were some references to him. But the diary was destroyed. I'll tell you that much is true.

When James Angleton read the diary, he thought that although Mary Meyer's prose was informal, the implications in the entries were transparent. Angleton decided that in the wrong hands the diary might be troublesome to the children and others. (Angleton had a fatherly relationship to Mary Meyer's sons, and later, when Cord Meyer left for London to assume his present post as CIA station chief, Angleton became trustee for the children.)

"I burned them," Angleton later wrote Truitt. Yet Angleton also wrote Truitt that he had informed certain members of Mary Meyer's family that the papers still reposed somewhere at the Pinchot estate in Milford.

Does the diary still exist? Unless it shows up again somehow, only those familiar with its contents can help us form a judgment about the real nature of the 20-month relationship between Mary Meyer and John F. Kennedy.

One person who is in a unique position to comment authoritatively on that relationship, and who has never before spoken to the press about it, agreed to entertain a limited number of questions about the affair:

"How could a woman so admired for her integrity as Mary Meyer traduce her friendship with Jackie Kennedy?"

"They weren't friends," he said curtly.

"Did JFK actually *love* Mary Meyer?"

"I think so."

"Then why would he carry on an affair simultaneously with Judy Exner?"

"My friend, there's a difference between sex and love."

"But why Mary Meyer over all other women?"

"He was an unusual man. He wanted the best." ●

ENGINEERING THE POLITICS OF LOVE

BY ROBERT SHRUM

JIMMY CARTER MAY BE THE ONLY MAN EVER TO ASPIRE TO THE WHITE HOUSE WHO CAN POINT TO THE EXACT SECOND WHEN HE DECIDED TO RUN—AND TO THE BLUEPRINT THAT WON HIM THE NOMINATION

Mayor Daley made it unofficial hours before the polls closed in Ohio. If Carter won there, he deserved the nomination, Daley pronounced, dismissing Humphrey in an afterword as a has-been who would not be again. Carter had predicted his first-ballot victory all along. At the beginning, the politicians, the press, the wise men of the Washington establishment regarded this as the false confidence of an improbable candidate. It turned out to be false modesty instead. In the week after Ohio, a month prior to the official convention roll call in Madison Square Garden, Carter took a pre-ballot nomination without precedent in the history of the Democratic Party. That week there was a swift, nearly unanimous, informal roll call of Democratic overlords lining up to be the attendant lords of the Carter triumph. They were there not when it counted but because they had counted. Now they hoped he would remember their 12th-hour homage kindly when he came into his presidency.

The second person in line, right behind Daley, was George Wallace. In the post-midnight hours after Ohio, while the people of Plains, Georgia, street-danced a welcome home to Jimmy Carter, its first integrated dancing ever, the Wallace who rose to national recognition proclaiming "segregation forever" rushed to telephone Carter and claim his marginal role in the passage of power. Jackson paused till morning before saying that he would soon announce his endorsement. In mid-afternoon came the resigned capitulation of Humphrey and McGovern, the party's past, and of Kennedy, now at best its more distant future. By the weekend Carter could estimate a total of 1,700 delegates, 200 more than a majority, a gain of 500 in the five days since Ohio.

On the seventh day after Ohio, he received Church's pledge and Udall's permission to gather the Udall delegates who wished to go. Alone among the party's leaders and Carter's rivals, Jerry Brown continued to refuse his submission. But he is regarded as a quixotic neophyte, a strange apparition in American politics. Brown won a lot, but not the whole thing. His post-Ohio persistence was put down as another instance of his political perversity. "Who would want to replace the peanut with the real nut anyway?" laughed a newly converted Carterite, recycling a quip that has been traded around Washington for a month. Brown self-defensively word-danced perhaps his last verbal arabesque of this presidential season: "I have low expectations, but high hopes." While insisting that he would stay the course all the way to the convention, he reduced his campaign schedule and retreated to his California enclave.

Thus the dynamic of the primary end game provided an "exquisite irony," in the phrase of one Democratic liberal. "After eight years of party reform and liberal activism, Daley and Wallace got to do the honors." The drum roll of endorsements that followed sounded more than the normal transfer of power, the traditional course of nomination. No Democrat in this century running for the first time—not Wilson, Roosevelt, Kennedy, Stevenson, Humphrey or McGovern—has been certain of winning so early. Kennedy prevailed on the first ballot; but he entered the convention 150 votes shy of a majority and waited through the alphabet for Wyoming to nudge him to the nomination. McGovern had to beat down a challenge to his California delegation to secure his margin. Carter, one of his counters now predicts privately, "will have at least 2,700 of the 3,000 delegates, maybe all of them." He is the first non-incumbent—how should it be said?—"nominee apparent" in Democratic memory.

The reporters who followed Carter home to Plains after Ohio savored the paradoxes: Carter, the peanut farmer who probably will be president; the rural, Southern one-term governor; the two-term state legislator who waged the broadest national primary campaign in history; the outlander-outsider the Washington party establishment least wanted who now leads the most united Democratic Party since Lyndon Johnson's reelection; the man who will have four times as many convention delegates as there are people in his hometown—Carter, recently unknown, currently inevitable. The reporters repeated and rephrased the paradoxes as though they were reading tea leaves. They filled in the local color while drinking at the lemonade stand of Amy Carter, the candidate's eight-year-old daughter. He advised her to double her price to 20¢ because her patrons in the press corps were all on expense accounts. It was an early lesson in seeing and seizing small opportunities.

December 1974: Carter's candidacy is newly declared and barely noted. The New York Times *yawns in a small box, four inches of type on the lower left-hand side below the front page fold; no picture there; a two-and-a-half-inch passport-size photo on page 18.*

A month later, Carter was cam-

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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WHITE HOUSE

Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the
same quality that has
made Marlboro famous.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

paigning in New Mexico and California, importuning skeptical Democrats. "I'm Jimmy Carter and I'm going to be"—not "I want to be," but "I'm going to be"—"your next president." Only two reporters, Jack Germond of the *Washington Star* and Tom Ottenad of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, took the trip; Carter wasn't "serious" enough to warrant sustained press attention. Germond and Ottenad, who had appreciated his political skills at past governor's conferences, tagged along primarily out of curiosity. Carter explained to Ottenad that his entire schedule for the next year was planned already, down to the day. The plan was for 250 days of campaigning in 1975. The exact number of days in each state had been allocated according to a formula, which sounded almost mathematical as the candidate described it. The formula weighed the importance of each state, the possibilities of local media impact, the relative appeal of opponents and distributed his time accordingly. Carter finished that year with only slight deviations from the plan, three, maybe four days more than the 250 mapped out for his political road.

"The key to understanding Jimmy is that above all else he's an engineer," says a Democratic National Committeeman, one of the rare party officials to endorse him in an early primary. It was Carter's engineering of his image as well as his schedule, of contingencies and constituencies, of everything manageable and foreseeable, that finely tooled his presumed disadvantages, his limited opportunities, into openings to the presidency. The unknown Southern ex-governor with no Washington experience who was twice born in Christ—by the conventional wisdom, quite an array of weaknesses—engineered these inescapable aspects of his career and personality to identify with the public mood of 1976, to convey a personal character responsive to that mood, to satisfy a range of separate political necessities.

Hindsight composes patterns of events that at their time appeared to be random; watching the outcome, the plot can be reconstructed to produce it. Theodore White gracefully conceded the point in his first *Making of the President* by titling a chapter "Retrospect on Yesterday's Future." Not a single reporter predicted accurately, on the record, the prospect of the future primary season that has just passed. How far did Carter and the Carter faithful foresee? How closely did his success approximate his plan for trying? There is abundant evidence that he planned stunningly close to the mark, more precisely than any candidate before him.

No past candidate could identify so distinctly the occasion and the cause of his decision to seek the presidency. In others, the desire has evolved gradually, as a Lyndon Johnson managed the Senate of the 1950s, as an Eisenhower commanded the Allied Armies and later the NATO forces in Europe. But Carter's reach for the office resulted from a secular revelation over a period of months, not an evolution over the years. The story has become an instant legend: of Carter meeting Nixon and the 1972 Democratic contenders in Atlanta, concluding then and there that he was good enough by their measure, that he could be, he would be, president. Every subsequent move was matched to that moment long before anyone outside his tight inner group of Georgians suspected the stirrings of a presidential dream. According to his press secretary, Jody Powell, one

Carter even engineered press attention. One memo urged him to court liberal press leaders, who were "Southerners by birth and tradition," and who "would be fascinated by the prospect of your candidacy"

motivation for Carter's nomination of Henry Jackson at the 1972 convention was national television exposure; simultaneously, Carter emissaries were beseeching McGovern's staff to consider Carter for vice-president.

Following the Nixon landslide, Carter's audacity, still a project and a plausibility solely within his immediate circle, was brought into careful focus. Campaign manager Hamilton Jordan, then Carter's 28-year-old executive secretary, supervised the development of a 70-page memorandum.

One reporter has characterized it as "a blueprint for a respectable Wallaceite"—"respectable" meaning "not racist." He surmises that the document, even in the form presently available to the press for reading, though not reproduction, shows signs of a political hangover, of the initial expectation that Edward Kennedy would be Carter's major opponent. In the memo Jordan notes, almost in passing, that Carter and Jackson agree on the major issues—which would have positioned the Georgian to Kennedy's right on such questions as defense and busing.

The other critical strategem of a contest with Kennedy, this hypothesis has it, would have been the theme of moral values, which Carter has played in any case. The Jordan memo stressed the country's thirst for "strong moral leadership." In the case of Kennedy, Carter's quenching of that thirst would have salted the Chappaquiddick wound without mentioning it.

But Kennedy did not choose to run and Carter did not emerge as a holier-than-he alternative on the right. While planned in detail, the Georgian's strategy was adaptable. It had the flexibility of Amy's lemonade prices; it could be changed to grasp shifting opportunities. For example, Bebe Smith, an Atlantan who was Hamilton Jordan's deputy until she resigned in October 1975, recounts that early that year Carter publicly and flatly opposed any form of unconditional amnesty; not until later, to placate and persuade the liberals, did he discover the distinction between an unconditional amnesty, which he continued to oppose, and an unconditional pardon, which he favored.

In 1974 Carter traveled the country as chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee, for the mid-term elections, a pro forma assignment that he turned into another advantage, tirelessly introducing himself and confiding his candidacy. He understood the uses of early personal contact. The engineer and his draftsmen had studied the memoirs of past campaigns, especially postmortems of 1972, such as *Right From the Start*, the non-best seller campaign diary of Gary Hart, McGovern's campaign manager, now a senator from Colorado. While others were content to dismiss the McGovern episode as a virtueless debacle, the Carter high command was eager to learn from it. By the time Carter announced his candidacy, nearly two years before the presidential election, he had a firm conception of how he would proceed; his pollster, Pat Caddell, who did McGovern's soothsaying four years ago, describes the Carter method as "a turnaround": "Jimmy's disadvantages—unknown, Southerner, no Washington credentials—were to become his greatest advantages."

Being an unknown candidate tends to a self-fulfilling state of being. Without press coverage, it's impossible to become known, yet the press concentrates on those who are well-known already. It's the Catch-22 of national politics. Entries under Hubert Humphrey's name in the 1974 *New York Times Index*

took up 123 lines to Carter's 9; in 1975 Humphrey had a four to one advantage over Carter. But name recognition and relative anonymity are alike both burden and blessing. Voters have a conception of a Humphrey, a Kennedy, a McGovern firmly in mind. Such men cannot shift these perceptions more than marginally.

Carter did not suffer even the lesser confinement of equally obscure rivals such as Udall, the captive of 15 years of voting in Congress on national issues. Even on state issues, Carter's history was elusive; the Georgia Senate preserved no record of roll calls during his tenure there. By law limited to one term as governor, an apparent disadvantage, he thereby was liberated from parochial calculation, an important advantage. By his own admission, for the last two-thirds of that term, he methodically programmed a presidential campaign.

To a remarkable degree for a presidential candidate, Carter shaped his attributes to the voters' yearnings. He sensed those yearnings in the Wallace sentiment. As Hamilton Jordan said later: "We wanted to suggest to voters that Carter shares some of their frustrations which Wallace verbalized." But engineers prefer numbers to intuitions, even their own. Carter takes polls seriously, sometimes even to bed with him. Through 1974, in the publicly available surveys, he read and reread a public mood of post-Watergate, post-Vietnam alienation. Caddell, who did his first private consulting for Carter in the spring of 1975, confirmed that reading. An overwhelming majority of Americans agreed with statements like these: "Most politicians don't really care about people like me";"For the past ten years, America's leaders have consistently lied to the people." Four in ten were ready to give up on the system altogether: "It doesn't really make *any* difference who gets elected."

Carter crafted a stump speech to send the message of the polls back to the people. It was not an issues speech, except incidentally. It was an engineered sermon of self-identification with the audience, an equation of his political disabilities with their grievances. They felt like outsiders, victims of inside deals; he was a Southerner, the outsider in presidential politics. They were anti-Washington; he was non-Washington. They were anti-politics; he was a peanut farmer, an engineer, occasionally and inaccurately a nuclear physicist, not much of a politician, the unendorsed, uncongressional candidate. They were angry about Watergate and court-ordered busing; he wasn't a "lawyer"—a line he reportedly dropped after being told that it echoed the satirized demagogue in Robert Altman's *Nashville*, a movie Carter didn't see.

Carter's program was his person. His platform was who he is and what he has been, from boyhood to candidacy. In such a platform there could be some plank for every group, facets of self to identify with, one and all. The nuances of each personal attribute could strike different, even dissonant chords. For the South, a Southerner in the White House would be a source of regional pride; for evangelicals, Carter's religion could be a symbol of spiritual values; among Eastern voters, a Southerner born again might find some hostility, but he could challenge them to prove their tolerance. In Massachusetts Carter ran a TV spot: Georgia had repudiated anti-Catholicism in 1960, giving John Kennedy his greatest majority; now let Massachusetts repudiate anti-Southernism.

In the delegate-rich Superbowl, Carter's polls warned him of the coming debacle in California, the danger in New Jersey. So he treated Ohio as the testing ground

No safe symbolic appeal was missed if it was thought of. For the young, there were the Allman Brothers in a benefit concert. Carter told a record manufacturers' convention in Florida that his rock consciousness was expanding constantly, that he now listened to Led Zeppelin. They laughed politely; Zeppelin is acid rock. For Hunter Thompson, there was Carter's Law Day speech in 1974: a mild-mannered rebuke to Southern Bourbonism, but enough to freak Thompson out—Carter was quoting Bob Dylan to the Georgia Bar Association. Thompson carried the tape around, replaying it over and over to long-suffering friends. He finally convinced himself: the Law Day speech was nearly the sole substance of his Wild Turkey of an endorsement for Carter in a May *Rolling Stone*. One leading Democrat read it twice. He sniffed: "The only thing that makes sense is the fear and loathing."

On issues, too, Carter was a candidate for everyone. Like the good administrator he was, developing distinctions, he could highlight one part or another, depending on his audience. One Indian summer day in New Hampshire, a Carter aide patiently described the differences between amnesty and pardon to a reporter. Amnesty meant forgiveness, pardon meant forgetting, but otherwise the two were the same. (Though adroit, this in fact reverses the linguistic reality: amnesty, from the same root as amnesia, means "to forget"; pardon, as in "pardon me," is a request to be forgiven, not forgotten.) A few minutes later, the same reporter chatted with a voter. He had been converted. Why? Because Carter answered right on amnesty—he was against it. Joe Rauh, Washington lawyer and liberal activist, commented after another piece of Carter legerdemain on issues: "Maybe he isn't one, but he sure sounds like a lawyer."

Yet all the engineering would have collapsed without the foundation of public—that is, press—attention. Carter engineered this, too. First, he again planned his disadvantages to his advantage. He visited newspaper editorial boards; he was accessible to reporters, anxious to be with them. The Jordan memorandum advised that many of the leading figures in the "liberal" press were "Southerners by birth and tradition," that Carter should court them hard, that "they would be fascinated by the prospect of your candidacy": another potential asset of his Southern liability.

Unavoidably, access would bring some adversity, such as Steven Brill's *Harper's* critique, "The Pathetic Lies of Jimmy Carter." But by the time it was published in February, previous articles had left first and lasting favorable impressions. Most influential was the semi-canonization of Carter in a December 1975 *New York Times Sunday Magazine* piece by Patrick Anderson, now Carter's speechwriter. Anderson portrayed the candidate as he said he was: a lonely, courageous man of principle on the civil rights issue in the Plains of the 1950s, an efficient reforming governor, a nearly apolitical politician. The articles were few, but largely positive, and they were to become the instant reference for a press corps running to catch up when Carter emerged as the front-runner.

Carter's breakthrough strategy was simple: to take the first two states to vote, Iowa in precinct caucuses and New Hampshire in a primary. Hamilton Jordan looks back: "We were unknown and had to establish ourselves in the earlier primaries." And Carter realized that if he went "for broke early," in Jordan's phrase, he had nothing to lose and maybe a lot to gain from running "everywhere." Assuming success in Iowa and New Hampshire, Carter would pick up a

share of the delegates in virtually every state. It was Muskie's discredited 1972 strategy. The difference between Muskie's disaster and Carter's genius was that the Maine senator, already the ordained forerunner, who didn't have to surprise the media into covering him, lost the gamble of early victory, while the ex-governor of Georgia, who had no other way, won it.

Carter followed the books, lived the lessons of past success in these small state settings. He organized down to the precinct level. He was a tireless face-to-face campaigner; Iowans swapped stories of his "calling up," or "stopping by" to see, a farmer he had met once, months before. In 18-hour days, there and in New Hampshire, he and his family could personally deliver his message, fine-tuning it to each cluster of voters, appealing here to McGovernites, there to moderates, everywhere to the sense of alienation. He could imbue them with his confidence: it wasn't hopeless. He looked into their eyes, he smiled, casually speaking of "when I am president."

October 25,1975:4,000 Iowa Democrats convene in the gymnasium of Iowa State University for their annual Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. All the candidates are there; so is the national press, questioning Iowans about their preferences in the coming January caucuses. Two days later, R.W. Apple of the New York Times *writes a front-page story; it's not a four-inch box this time: Carter is leading in Iowa. January 19, 1976: the Democrats of Iowa go to 2,350 precinct caucuses. Carter "wins" with 28 percent; "uncommitted" finishes 9 points higher, but "nobody" can't be a front-runner. February 24: Carter is first in New Hampshire with 30 percent.*

Newsweek rushed a cover story into print, the first of three in the coming months. So did *Time*. The press had a front-runner but didn't know much about him. And if the public didn't know the other candidates that well, particularly Udall, the press did from years of observing them in Washington. Carter's disadvantage was suddenly a supreme advantage: he was the unknown to be explored, the mystery man to be identified, while the rest of them, familiar faces to the press, simply couldn't compete for publicity.

So far, so good, and almost even better: Carter, seeing a new opportunity, tried to ride his momentum to an unexpected triumph in Massachusetts. On primary night, when he came in a distant fourth, the engineer was calm. He had planned a follow-through to sustain his momentum—the Florida primary.

Carter proclaimed far in advance that he would take on Wallace there. It seemed foolhardy, impossible: Wallace had won 42 percent of the state's primary vote in a six-man field in 1972. The other candidates feared Wallace, but not Carter—given his disadvantages, he couldn't be the nominee. So they tacitly agreed to leave Florida to the two Southerners. Wallace would prevail; and even if he faltered, let Carter have the credit, worth at most a vice-presidential consolation prize.

The only one who broke the tacit agreement was Jackson. Overconfident after his success in Massachusetts, worried about Carter's unexpected Northern progress, Jackson intervened in the last week, hoping to drain enough support to throw the primary to Wallace, slowing Carter in, of all places, the South. In the final, frantic days before the balloting—Carter later said he had never been so weary—the Georgian spoke incessantly of Iowa and New Hampshire, of his status as front-runner, in order to convince Florida that he was a Southerner who could make it to the White House. This time he pleaded, in effect: send them a president, not a message. It had been a neat succession of moves: Carter had a chance in Florida because he bluffed the others out; they stayed out because they assumed he wouldn't be winning elsewhere; he won narrowly, despite Jackson, partly because he was winning elsewhere. His implausibility made his victory possible—once again, the engineered interplay of disadvantage and advantage.

The fallout of Florida rained kindly on Carter. He secured the South from Wallace, as planned; by the time of Tennessee, he was overwhelming his fellow Southerner four to one. Florida also secured Carter's claim to black support. To his special ability to stir black church audiences—Baptists like himself—he had added the credibility of beating Wallace on the eve of the major primaries in which the black vote was crucial. His black support in turn would be another convincing signal to the liberals. "If Andy Young and Daddy King are satisfied," commented Phil Mause, counsel to the Environmental Defense Fund, "then Carter must be all right."

Carter's plan for the period after Florida was simpler: to narrow the field to one opponent and vanquish him. It wasn't to be that easy. Carter's engineering was flawed after all. Two misassumptions now threatened his best laid plans—that his momentum would sustain itself and that he would triumph in a

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The warning sign had been flashed before Florida by the Massachusetts defeat. When it snowed and sleeted on that primary day, Carter fell from first in Caddell's poll to his fourth-place finish. Tens of thousands of potential Carter voters did not care enough to stand in shivering lines outside their polling places. The case of the disappearing Carter margin reappeared in Wisconsin on April 6th. The accepted forecast was a Carter margin of 5 to 10 points. Instead, Carter squeaked through by a fraction of a single point. A memorandum analyzing Caddell's data defined the problem: Carter's base was marginal voters, those so alienated from politics that they frequently don't vote. It is a large base, half of the potential electorate, but dangerously shaky: slight inconveniences, such as snow in Massachusetts or nagging doubts about their candidate, might keep them home on Election Day. Doubts about Carter were setting in. Attacks on his alleged doubletalk, charges of fence-straddling, were raising questions about his character, the foundation of his image, the heart of his appeal to the alienated. Now they were voting in lesser numbers, for him by lesser margins.

The next important primary, in Pennsylvania, stayed the slippage. A local figure dominated the campaign. A vote for Carter came to be seen as a vote against Frank Rizzo, the unpopular mayor of Philadelphia, who had endorsed Jackson. Carter's comfortable margin in Pennsylvania on April 27th drove Jackson out, sparing Carter the danger of an Indiana contest, where his polls showed a close race, a margin of only 7 or 8 points over Jackson. Thus, the Carter slide was interrupted for a span of six weeks from April 6th in Wisconsin until May 18th in Michigan. That long reprieve was a vital period, an essential piece of luck. During the six weeks, Carter garnered another 400 delegates, a third of that total of 1,200 which tipped Mayor Daley, the first in the long row of political dominos.

All along Carter had been a lucky engineer. Kennedy's non-candidacy averted a divisive battle that would have bloodied them both and probably beaten the Georgian. Humphrey's eternal indecision lasted until there was nothing left to decide. In Wisconsin Carter's come-from-behind near loss, after two of the networks counted him out, made him look like a Trumanesque winner instead of a weakening candidate. Then his opponents helped to extricate him from "ethnic purity," which might have "brainwashed" him out of the race. Udall and Jackson denounced his choice of phrase, then agreed with the substance of his views. Carter apologized; his black support held.

Now his luck held again in the climactic phase of the primaries. He was lucky Jerry Brown started so late. Brown beat him in the three states where both their names were on the ballot and in two where Brown's was not; to vote for him there, Democrats had to vote "uncommitted." Brown was too late to enter a delegate slate in Maryland; he won the primary, Carter the bulk of the delegates.

And Carter was lucky Michigan only approximated a two-man race. The Georgian's opening 25-point advantage slipped again to a one-point squeaker. Fred Harris' wasted tally could have won it for Udall.

Carter also had that one measure of luck that is native to front-runners. The press, once his greatest obstacle, was now a safeguard. Having predicted his triumph after the early primaries, the reporters came to have a stake in it. If he lost, they would, too, in an important professional sense. A front-runner may slip, but unless he stumbles clearly the media tend to resolve ambiguous results in his favor. When Carter lost Rhode Island to Brown and Montana to Church on June 1st, the press justifiably could have assessed it as a bad day for the front-runner. Instead, the major dailies headlined his South Dakota victory, subparagraphing and de-emphasizing the defeats.

A week later, the primaries culminated in their delegate-rich Superbowl—California, New Jersey and Ohio. Carter slipped in two of the three, but he stayed lucky. His polls warned him of the coming debacle in California, the danger in New Jersey. So he turned to Ohio, treating it as the testing ground. Udall obliged by committing himself completely in that state. Carter's luck was Udall's shortage of funds; after all the second places, the Arizonian was too strapped to afford a poll. He didn't know what Caddell had told Carter: he was ahead of Udall 50 to 14 going in. "If he had known it was that bad," Udall manager Shields mourned the weekend before the primary, "I would have advised him to skip it." If he had, the press would have concentrated on the other two states because in politics, as in war, the news is where the battle is. An uncontested primary is an un-press covered primary. But the press was looking to Ohio on June 8th, when Carter won 52 percent of the vote, lapping Udall, with Church in third place.

That same night only passing notice was nodded to New Jersey, where Carter lost to an uncommitted slate pledged to both Humphrey and Brown, and to California, where Brown swept Carter three to one, a plurality of 1.6 million votes, the greatest margin in any contested primary in the history of either party. *Newsweek* subsequently dismissed these defeats in less than 25 words of an eight-page cover story.

Front-runners usually gather momentum steadily; Carter engineered a sudden burst that was spent gradually, as the base under the bandwagon eroded. And in his hour of triumph, he continued to engineer, planning a consensus platform, calculating a nearly flawless if surface unity of Democrats. Fortune has given him his next gift—a fractured Republican opposition; in August it will present him with a wounded Republican nominee. Perhaps his lead over Ford and Reagan will fade as his lead over Udall faded in Michigan. But it seems unlikely that a candidate who used his disadvantages so well will do badly with his advantages now.

When he is president, to borrow his confidence for a moment, he will face new political problems to engineer, some of them compounded by the way he is blueprinting himself to power. He will no longer have a party susceptible of easy unity out of a desperation to return to the White House. There will be Edward Kennedy, his presidency postponed, maybe forever, but with the potential for a new yet reminiscent role: he could play Robert Kennedy to Jimmy Carter's Lyndon Johnson; he could be the natural rallying point for dissent if Carter moves right, the most visible and independent Democratic check on another Democrat's presidency. There will be Jerry Brown, unbeaten by Carter in the primaries, perhaps unorthodox enough to be the Gene McCarthy of 1980, to challenge Carter's renomination for a second term. A Sacramento source believes Brown is already "contemplating" this—that he continued to campaign for a nomination Carter already had in order to stake his claim to be the Democratic alternative.

It's a safe bet that Jimmy Carter has thought of these contingencies; by profession, he plans ahead. Theodore White will finish his next presidential book on schedule, a few months after the inauguration. But Carter and Jordan and Powell and the rest wrote *The Making of the President 1976* first—four years ago. While White's still working on this year, they'll be drafting the sequel. ●

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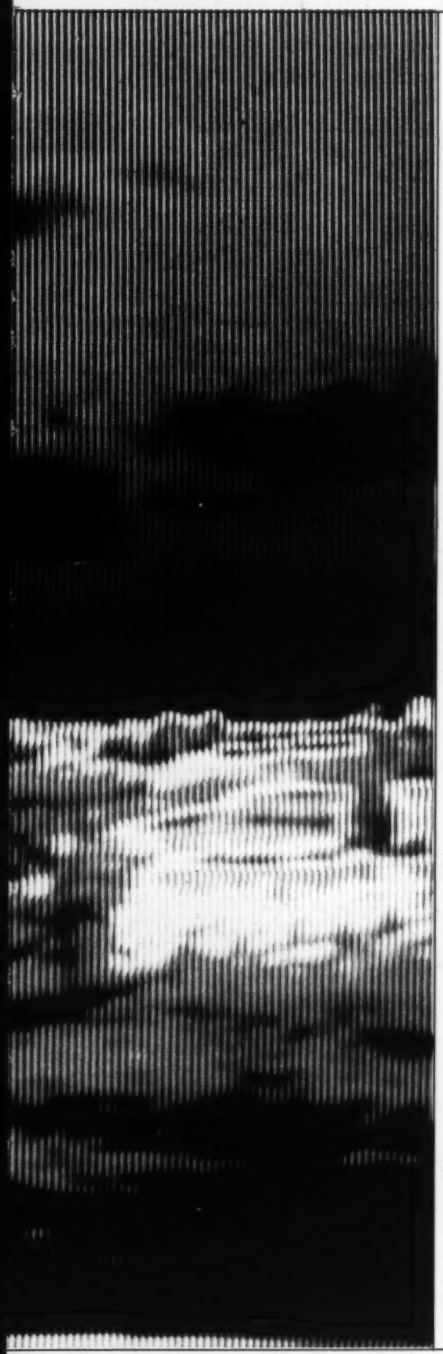


In a hilly corner of northeastern Kentucky, a feisty farmer named John P. Hay and his Maxey Flats neighbors are demanding protection from a leaking radiation graveyard that could become a virtual fountain of death for the next 75,000 years

By Frank Browning

THE NUCLEAR WASTELAND

John P. used his long, knotty forefinger to draw an irregular oval in the dust on the front porch table. Then he cleared a spot in the middle of the oval. "That right there's Maxey Flats. Over on this end's the company dump." Then he pointed up the valley, its pastures and timberlands just grown fuzzy green with spring. "See that third hollow, up there where the road dips down? That's what they call No Name Hollow."

The "company" is Nuclear Engineering Company, Inc., a subsidiary of the giant electronics combine Teledyne. Maxey Flats is a corner of hilly farmland in northeastern Kentucky only an hour's drive from the elegant stud farms that populate the Kentucky Derby track. The "dump" is a private burial ground for everything from discarded laboratory gloves to expended fuel isotopes of Plutonium 239—the general trash of America's nuclear radiation industries.

Last winter the people of Maxey Flats learned that water from the dump, including some of the deadliest and most permanent radioactive isotopes known, has been slowly leaking out of the company burial ground into the surrounding soil and water. That news is what made John P. Hay, farmer-electrician - ginseng digger, angry enough to rouse his neighbors to fight the plant — and to demand protection from a radiation graveyard that could become a virtual fountain of death for the next 75,000 years.

Until the Environmental Protection Agency released a report last winter on the site's leaks, nobody at Maxey Flats thought much about the 13-year-old dump—except a few skeptical neighbors like John P. Hay. Since publication of the EPA report and another critical study by the General Accounting Office, the whole eastern half of Fleming County has been afire with public meetings, debates, handbills tacked up in country stores and a swell of angry questions from these normally quiet hill farmers. By May 1 a petition with over 2,000 signatures had been raised demanding the dump be closed. There are only 11,000 people in Fleming County.

Working right at the center of this

struggle over the world's largest private radiation dump is John P., as he is known to most of his neighbors. A thin man with a leathery face and a slow drawl whose idea of heaven is to spend every day pulling bass and bluegill from some undisturbed valley creek, Hay is self-taught and self-trained, a man in no hurry to get rich or die early and a consummate electrical genius who happily ambles into local plants to solve their high-voltage wiring problems when the hired experts get stumped. Along with Jonathan Hawes, a young soil conservationist who works for the federal government, Hay has made Maxey Flats into one of the hottest issues Kentucky officials will face this year or for several years to come.

Since January, Hay and Hawes have argued, debated, cajoled, wheedled and jawed their way through the jungle of federal and state agencies that watch over the nuclear industry. They have held mass meetings in schoolhouses and fire stations, marched their way into the governor's office at Frankfort and forced the issue onto TV and into the newspapers. They have sent telegrams to politicians, made phone calls to members of Congress and provided tough questions to a House subcommittee investigating nuclear waste dumps. They have used all the trusted techniques of ghetto community organizers in this Republican tobacco-based farmland.

And it looks as though they may be winning, for in late March Governor Julian Carroll signed into law a new 10-cent-per-pound deposit tax on nuclear waste that could finally close the dump. That tax went into effect June 20, effectively quadrupling the price contractors pay to bury waste in the dump—an increase that company officials complain will price them out of the market.

Kentucky health officials first spotted the trouble at Maxey Flats four years ago when plutonium and other radioactive isotopes appeared in monitoring stations far from the burial trenches. A subsequent six-month study showed radiation traces in test wells as much as 650 feet off-site. And a further probe revealed that the supposedly impermeable clay trenches into which the wastes had been dumped were filled with water. State officials were so upset with Nuclear Engineering's refusal to clean up the trenches that the company's entire internal management was replaced and ordered to pump the trenches dry. The pumping has lasted three years and the trenches are still 25 percent full.

Yet the residents of Maxey Flats were told nothing about the potentially hazardous leaks—some of which drain directly into the fields and streams of their farms—until EPA issued its report in February. Still no state official has explained why they were kept in the dark about the radiation leaks around their farms.

"I wonder if they ever would have told us anything if it hadn't been for that report," Monty Hall asked at a public meeting organized last February. John P. and Jonathan Hawes had called the meeting hoping to attract 20 or 30 neighbors who would help bring pressure on the state to further investigate the dump. Over 150 people showed up on a bitter February night at the gymnasium of the Fox Valley grade school.

Hay and Hawes were overwhelmed. They had no idea so many people would come. Usually it takes a championship basketball game or a farm auction to bring that many people to the same place at the same time. One school administrator suggested Hay impose formal parliamentary procedure on the meeting. But the mood of these farmers was neither polite nor formal. They had come seeking answers for the questions raised at Maxey Flats, and if there were no answers ready, they were determined to find out from one another what action they could take. For two hours people stood up to talk about the fears they had harbored since the dump opened.

Strontium 90 is one of the radioactive elements found off-site from the dump. It moves through soil and water and is absorbed by grass

"It's no use to ask the state officials anything," Monty Hall declared. "They don't give you credit for knowing anything. Why, they come and asked for some water here several years ago. I remember it plain. One man stopped back on this little dead-end dirt road we live on and asked for a drink. He said the soda pop you buy at the store just don't satisfy you like water. He just took a little sip and put the rest in a jar. The other man with him didn't drink none at all. I knew they was here for the dump, but I just let 'em think I believed 'em."

Mail carrier Andrew Porter recounted how his questions had been rebuffed for 13 years.

Marcus Ball had brought a large jar of thick fluid. "What is that stuff?" someone asked him.

"Well, it's water they pump over the hill. I got it from my spring."

"Who lets 'em do it?" another asked Ball. "Are they supposed to pump that stuff out?"

"Well, I don't know," he answered dryly. "But they do it after night."

As the evening wore on, nearly everyone had some kind of story to tell. Deep and horrible fears came to the surface. Pregnant women asked what could happen to their yet unborn babies. Dairymen wanted to know if their cows' milk was safe to drink. A hog farmer wondered if there might be some relation between the radioactive leaks and the strange deaths of his sows.

Jonathan Hawes, who has done most of the technical research on the case, began to mingle through the crowd seeking volunteers to lead a citizen action group. By ten o'clock he had found seven, and by mass consent the Maxey Flats Radioactive Protective Association was born. "What we found out, what everybody realized, is how many people really are interested, shocked, concerned," Hawes said. "Suddenly with that meeting it wasn't just a few nuts who were talking about Maxey Flats. Everybody was upset."

Six weeks after that first meeting Jonathan and John P. were sitting around the table on Monty Hall's front porch. She and her husband operate a dairy farm on Rock Lick Creek about a mile below the dump. Four or five other farms lie along the rolling bottom lands beyond Monty's pastures. Those farms would be the first affected by any contamination from the dump some 300 feet above the valley on Maxey Flats.

"You see," John P. said, "you just can't trust too much of what the company or the state people tell you. It's like we've known the company's been pumping over the hill down into No Name Hollow. But they denied it for the longest time until this spring. That's why you can't have a whole lot of faith in anything they say."

Strontium 90 is one of the radioactive elements found off-site from the dump. It moves through soil and water and is absorbed by grass. It can easily become part of the milk from cows grazing on contaminated pastures. Since Strontium 90 bears chemical properties very similar to calcium, it moves quickly

A native of Fleming County, Frank Browning is a free-lance writer now based in Washington, D.C., and the author of The Vanishing Land.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON GARRISON/HERALD LEADER

The Maxey Flats burial ground: Plutonium, Strontium 90 and other deadly radioactive isotopes are leaking out of the trenches.

to the bone marrow, where it can cause cancer or leukemia. Monty Hall knows that. She also knows she and her husband have put everything they have into their dairy farm. Kentucky health officials have told her the low-level leakage spotted so far presents no health hazard. But she is worried.

"We just don't know if it's safe or not," Monty said. "We've asked a lot of questions. But it seems nobody's ready to answer 'em."

"Well, Monty, it's just like when we went down to the governor's office," John P. added. "He said flat out, 'We don't know if a qualified person exists in the state of Kentucky who can tell us whether this thing is safe and if they're operating it right.'

It was not always this way at Maxey Flats. Thirteen years ago when Nuclear Engineering Company dug the first clay trenches for its radiation dump, there was hardly a murmur of dissent. A public meeting was staged at the nearby Fox Valley grade school at which farmers and their families were assured the finest scientists and engineers in America had been hired to make sure Maxey Flats would stay a safe place to live. A few people asked probing questions. Andrew Porter, a rural mail carrier, was one of them. Porter knew enough about elementary nuclear physics to realize that the promotion spiels offered by company officials, state politicians and local businessmen had glossed over several potentially hazardous problems. Porter was rewarded for his concern by several visits from prominent merchants and politicians—all of whom gently tried to persuade him that his concern was not helping the people of Fleming County.

Some people turned to Congressman Carl Perkins, who still represents the district. One was Mrs. Emma Smith of Plummers Landing. Perkins wrote Mrs. Smith on July 12, 1963: "There is no reason why you or any other individual in the area should be frightened by the rumors of danger to residents in nearby communities. . . . Nuclear material deposited in this area is actually waste material corresponding to ashes left over from a fire and in general would be relatively harmless even if left in the open. However, there is always the possibility that some radioactive material is left in the waste and for that reason is being treated and placed underground solely to prevent injury to anyone.

"Detailed information on nuclear operations is classified," Congressman Perkins lied, adding, "For that reason I have no information to give you that would enable you and your neighbors to completely understand this operation."

(This spring, however, Perkins found the health of these eastern Kentucky voters more compelling. On March 8 he assured John Hay "that the health and safety of the people in Fleming and Rowan counties had to take priority over everything else and I urged a full scale investigation be made.")

Nuclear Engineering dug its first clay trenches in 1963. The company's current president, James Neel, was then a bright young lawyer hired away from the Atomic Energy Commission to help plunge Kentucky into the mushrooming nuclear power industry. Neel had a dream. It was to turn Kentucky into a nuclear paradise. First there would be the dump—Neel flinches at the term "dump"; he prefers the more decorous "waste disposal site." From the dump would come laboratories, power plants, nuclear waste reprocessing centers—a kind of radioactive TVA all over again. Negotiating a special agreement with the AEC, Neel made Kentucky the first state to license nuclear facilities directly. He was himself responsible for choosing Maxey Flats as the dump site and attracting Nuclear Engineering to operate it.

Yet by the mid-sixties, Neel's dream had begun to wither. No other companies wanted to move in. He had created what he still proudly calls "the largest commercial site in the free world," a dump that until 1974 had buried 65 percent of the commercial radiation (by curriage) produced in the United States. Then Neel decided to leave "public service" to become assistant to the president of Ashland Oil, best known lately for its illegal contributions to Nix-

on's secret slush fund and its covert aid to U.S. spies in Europe. Neel became a private lawyer in 1970 and was hired by Nuclear Engineering in 1972 when state officials threatened action against the company for its failure to drain the trenches. Within a year Neel had bailed the company out of its troubles and become its president—all to the pleasure of the state's health officials.

Now James Neel muses over the irony of heading the company he once courted as a public official. But he does not muse warmly over what has happened at Maxey Flats this year.

Neel labels the EPA study of Maxey Flats alarmist and unscientific. "This whole problem was totally false. There is no health hazad here," he says flatly. Central to the issue is the question of whether radioactive plutonium has "migrated" underground away from the trenches to the monitoring sites where it was discovered. That is the EPA's theory of how it happened. Neel says the EPA study is unscientific in part because it challenges a standard belief that plutonium is incapable of moving through the ground. "There is no evidence of lateral migration by plutonium," he says. The U.S. Geological Survey has asked permission to make new borings into the earth so that it can examine the possibility of leaks through underground cracks and fissures. Yet Neel and his company have refused the request.

Regardless of how the plutonium traces left the trenches, Neel still finds the whole issue exasperating. "We're talking about radiation levels so low that the furor has become absolutely unreal. This is why the fuss over radiation leaks is just ludicrous. Maxey Flats is a model site. We've spent millions of dollars to put that site in condition since I took over in '72. People come from all over the world, from Japan, Germany, India. It would be a tragedy if we had to close because of some psychological concerns based on emotional reason and not on facts."

The facts, however, are not nearly so reassuring. Radiation specialists all over the world—in Canada, the United States and Japan—have just begun to discover that continued low levels of radiation exposure may be the most deadly to people.

Studies by Dr. Edward Martel at Colorado's National Center for Atmospheric Research, by Dr. Irving Bross at the Rosswell Memorial Cancer Institute in Buffalo, by Dr. C. C. Sanders at Battelle Northwest Labs near Seattle, by Dr. Abraham Petkau at Canada's Atomic Energy Labs, by Prof. M. Segi in Japan and by Dr. J. B. Little at Harvard all suggest fundamental errors in traditional calculations of radiation-induced cancer. Although each of these studies has focused on different phases of the links between radiation and cancer—some include human data, others laboratory animals; some examine even so-called safe X-rays, some study "alpha," "beta" or "gamma" rays from nuclear waste—all the investigators have begun to discover that repeated low levels of radiation appear *more* likely to produce cancer than do sudden single exposures to very high doses. These dangerous low levels in some studies are far lower than what is permitted at radiation plants and dumps, according to Dr. Bross. "There really is very little difference between the kinds of rays as far as the major damage is concerned," Bross added.

"Based on these preliminary findings, we should reduce the permissible concentration limits for plutonium alone by at least 200 times," argues Dr. Ernest Sternglas, professor of radiology at the University of Pittsburgh. "The same thing is true for these other nuclear elements which nobody considered that dangerous. All of these by-products, including strontium, cesium and tritium, are long-lived (they last at least three human generations), and many of them are surprisingly toxic compared to what we've thought until now. If strontium and cesium, for example, get ingested, much larger fractions of them are absorbed by the body than is true of plutonium." The same is also true of tritium, known loosely as "heavy water." Tritium is quickly absorbed by the body and believed to move into the DNA molecules, which control cell reproduction and genetic coding. Tritium has been found in measurably higher quantities at Maxey Flats than has plutonium.

"We have grossly underestimated by 100 to 1,000 times the carcinogenic effects of radiation," says a researcher. "Now we have these leaky nuclear plants and storage facilities all over the country"

The dangers of producing cancer and other genetic damage could be even more disastrous. Officials of the Kentucky Health Department and Nuclear Engineering Company have emphasized that plutonium is *only* a risk when it is inhaled into the lungs. Since it has appeared only in soil and water samples, they have promised the citizens of Maxey Flats that low-level plutonium traces are even more harmless. But a series of reports made at an international atomic energy symposium last fall in San Francisco cast doubt on their promises.

"Other animal and human data indicate that plutonium is deposited in both ovaries and testicles in concentrations greater than, and in some cases much greater than, the concentrations in the lung or bone," Dr. John C. Cobb of the University of Colorado Medical School reported in a conference summary. "Plutonium may have a special affinity for the genital cells which will determine the genetic future of the species. The implications of this are at present unknown because of lack of research in this area, but the possible effect on future generations could be devastating.

"The problem," says Dr. Cobb, "is that until the critical genetic research on plutonium has been done, we will not know how serious the genetic effects might be. When we find out, it may sadly be too late."

(Studies at Los Alamos, New Mexico, and Richland, Washington, also contradict James Neel's assurances that plutonium cannot migrate through the earth. At Richland the plutonium had descended over 30 feet downward into the earth. At New Mexico scientists found that not only plutonium moved through the soil, but that americium, an equally toxic fission product, moved even faster and was 1,000 times as likely to be picked up by plants and then ingested into animals.)

"All this means we have grossly underestimated by 100 to 1,000 times the carcinogenic effects of radiation," Dr. Sternglas laments. "And nobody in the United States has wanted to look at these figures precisely because it would be too difficult to face. Now we have these leaky nuclear plants and storage facilities all over the country, and we've underestimated the effects on all microorganisms, on all living things—not just human beings."

Edward Gleason, of Jersey City, New Jersey, was one man who was told not to worry about the hazards of plutonium and other nuclear wastes. Gleason worked as a stevedore for Eazor Express Inc., loading and unloading crates of various radioactive cargos. One day he hauled down a leaking cask of Plutonium 239 solution, which spilled onto the

palm of his left hand. Gleason then developed cancer in the hand, and the hand was amputated. Then the cancer was discovered in his forearm, and it too was amputated. Then his upper arm had to be cut off. He died nine years later. His entire shoulder had been sawed off and his back, neck and side corroded with raw sores and scabs. Some doctors have said he could have died from natural causes. But investigators have calculated the odds are 50,000 times more likely Edward Gleason lost his body and his life to the leaking cask of plutonium.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK BROWNING

Farmer-electrician-ginseng digger John Hay got angry enough to rouse the county against the dump and to found the Radioactive Protective Association.

The people of Maxey Flats, Ky., have won uncommon support in their fight against Nuclear Engineering's dump. Everyone from the county school superintendent to state health officials admits it has provided almost no benefits to the state, the county or the village. And it appears that John P. Hay, Jonathan Hawes and the Maxey Flats Radioactive Protective Association may successfully force the plant to close. But that does not solve all their problems. Old wastes that remain buried must be maintained and safeguarded for at least 40 times longer than man has existed on earth.

The Atomic Energy Commission was warned of these problems over ten years ago in a report commissioned from the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on Geologic Aspects of Radioactive Waste Disposal. It stated: ". . . None of the major sites at which radioactive wastes are being stored or disposed of is geologically suited for safe disposal of *any manner of radioactive wastes* other than very dilute, very low-level liquids [with the probable exception of Oak Ridge, Tenn.] . . .

"The Committee thinks that the current practices of disposing of intermediate and low-level liquid wastes [the type buried at Maxey Flats] and all manner of solid wastes directly into the ground above or in the fresh-water zones, although momentarily safe, will lead in the long run to a serious fouling of man's environment. Such methods represent a concept of easy disposal that has had and will continue to have great appeal to operators, but we fear that continuation of the practices eventually will create hazards that will be extremely difficult and expensive to eliminate."

That report was suppressed by the Atomic Energy Commission until 1969. It remains almost thoroughly uncirculated.

Both Nuclear Engineering and Kentucky officials were also warned of risks involved at Maxey Flats. A report made in September 1962 by Ian R. Walker, a geologist for the New Jersey Geological Survey, delcared: "The opportunity for contamination of water in burial pits at Maxey Flats would be even greater [than contamination already experienced at Oak Ridge, Tenn.] because there would be no circulation and renewal of ground water in the pit as there is below the water table." He added, "It would be extremely difficult if not impossible to monitor contamination of ground water at Maxey Flats by wells located outside the burial pits." Walker's report later warned that loss of water in one test hole "indicates that there are individual channels large and continuous enough to constitute in themselves a potential hazard."

Walker's report was also not provided to the people of Kentucky.

At a minimum, the people of Fleming County expected jobs and commerce "from all that atomic stuff," being buried at Maxey Flats. That is also what they were promised by state official James Neel in 1963. Yet fewer than five Fleming County residents work at the dump. For the 13 years it has operated, Nuclear Engineering Company has paid the county less than $500 in taxes.

Until 1975, the company valued all properties at the dump at $5,750. That was hiked up to $10,000 last year after a state inquiry. Yet the company failed to declare in 1974 or 1975 its highly sophisticated trench evaporation system installed in the summer of 1973. John Razor, the company's site environmental officer, boasting about the investment in a quality system, said, "The evaporator, storage and all the equipment might go a million dollars—with all the storage facilities [it would] probably be more." This year the company did declare the evaporation system, listing it as lower-taxed "manufacturing equipment" worth only $218,893. (Quipped one Fleming Countian, "Wonder who buys what they 'manufacture' out there?") State tax agents could sue the company for back liabilities on the unreported property or, if there is a disagreement over valuation, for low declarations this year.

Although company president Neel claims few people want the dump closed, there is little indication that he knows "the facts" on that issue either. Not only have 20 percent of the county's citizens signed a petition to close the dump, but the power elite has begun to turn a sour eye on the company as well.

School Superintendent Charles Brown says he "wouldn't care if they closed it down tomorrow. I can't see where it's doing anything for Fleming County."

Mrs. Winder Dudley Kelly, whose ancestors founded the county 200 years ago, says bluntly: "I think we should shut it down. Let the federal government worry about it. It's their baby."

And Lowell Denton, the aggressive publisher of the weekly *Fleming Gazette*, minces even fewer words: "Those bastards out at the dump would do anything for money. They'd even take radiation and shorten their own lives. It's the most deceitful thing that's ever taken place in Kentucky."●

The loneliness of the long-distance hitter

By Lawrence Wright

The Mets' Dave Kingman is wielding the most powerful bat since Mantle and Maris, but no matter how many homers he hits, and no matter how far they go, it's not enough for the fans

Dave Kingman is going to be famous. He has just hit his 23rd home run into the visitors' bullpen in Shea Stadium, ending 14 innings of a scoreless tie with the Dodgers, and he is now hemmed into his locker by a dozen reporters pressing to hear his quiet responses. He is a shy, private man, and as the note pads and microphones crush closer he looks around the Mets clubhouse for help. At the rate Kingman is going he'll almost certainly be the first man to hit 50 home runs in a season since Willie Mays in 1965—he could even hit 60, which only Babe Ruth and Roger Maris have done. The rest of the Mets watch the assault on Kingman and shake their heads. The home-run countdown has begun, and no one can help him now.

"I haven't got much time for you guys. I'm in a bad mood," says Kingman, undressing as fast as he can so that he can get into the showers and away from the press.

"Did the boos bother you, Dave?"

"I expect that if I do something bad," he says. The night before, Kingman struck out four times. "That's New York. They can do whatever they want." Kingman has his clothes off. He takes a bottle of shampoo, squirts a circle of green jell around the top of his head and pushes through the reporters.

"Has Roger Maris called you yet?" a reporter yells after him.

From the shower comes a strangled laugh.

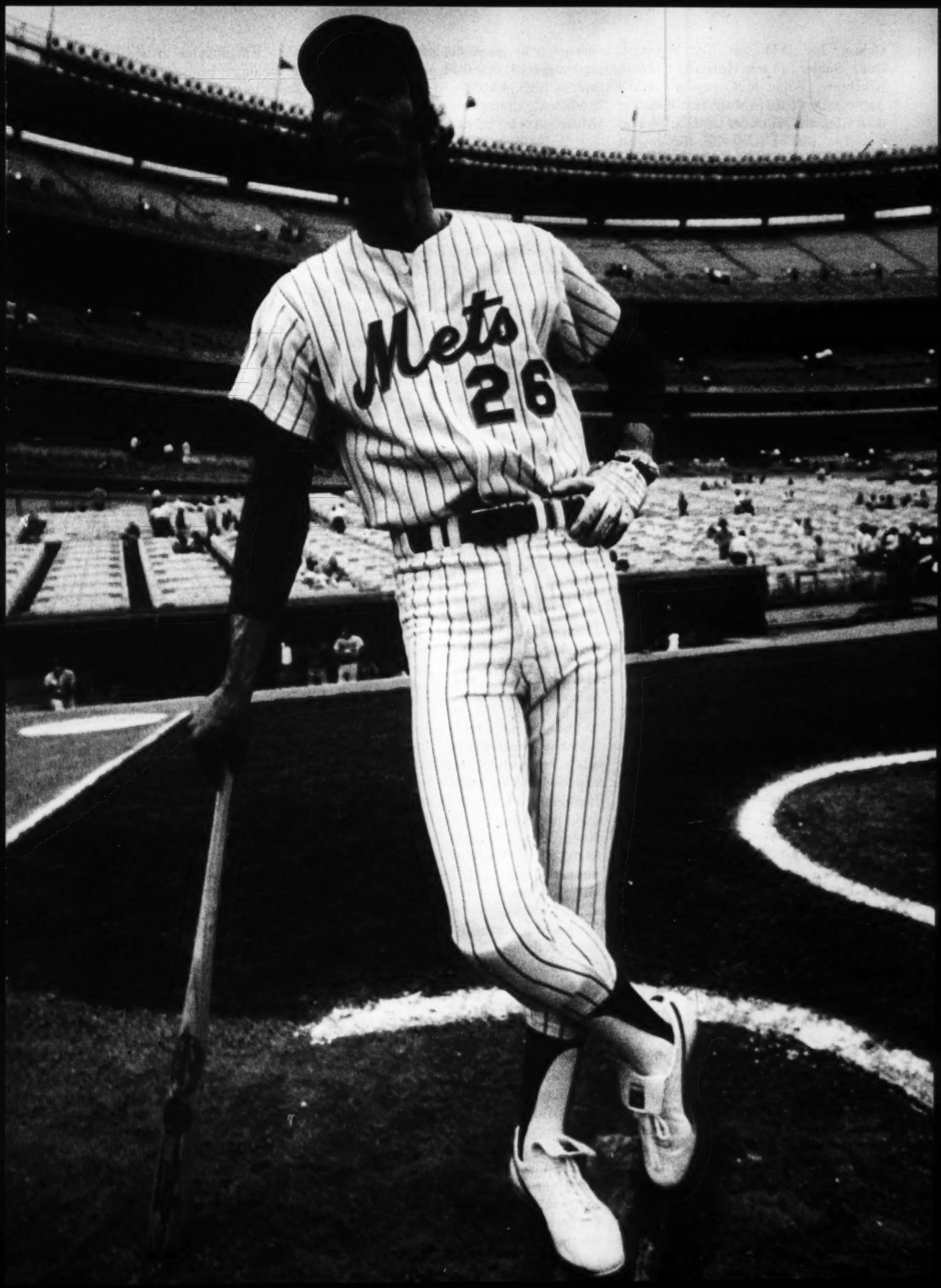
"Dave Kingman is different because he wants to do his job without the notoriety," explains Joe Torre, who, like Kingman, plays first base and outfield for the Mets. Kingman's reclusiveness makes him a puzzle to reporters, who despise his courteous evasions, and to his teammates, who know little about his habits and beliefs. After the game, the rest of the Mets may be partying but Kingman will be driving up to Cos Cob, Connecticut, an expensively quiet community on Long Island Sound, where he lives alone in a three-bedroom house with his woodworking shop and Bibles and fishing gear, "to get away from New York people," he says. "I don't want to be in the limelight."

It's too late, though, and he knows it. He can hear it in the crowd noise whenever he comes to the plate. The tumult is so exaggerated that it recalls the Yankee roar for Mantle. It is not the grateful, expectant cheer for a home-run hitter such as Johnny Bench or Reggie Jackson, or the gleeful "go! go! go!" the year Lou Brock was breaking the record for stolen bases. It's an ugly sound, electrically avid, lustful; it's a cry for power. "They want to see Dave Kingman hit one off the end of the world," says Torre, "and they feel cheated if he doesn't do it."

Kingman is awed by the noise; he walks cautiously to the plate like a man picking his way through a pack of dogs. Nothing compares with the solitude of the home-run specialist at the plate, with the merciless crowd reminding him that the game can be his, should be his, because he's got the power—as if it's *their* power, generated by *their* faith. Kingman is six-foot-six, but he's not formidable like other giant sluggers such as Frank Howard or Willie McCovey; he's built like a basketball guard, wide-shouldered and slim, with long, tenuous muscles. His weight is listed at 210 pounds; Pete Rose, by comparison, weighs 195 and is eight inches shorter. His batting posture is sedate, almost somnolent; most batters like to exercise the bat to keep loose while the pitcher takes his signals, but Kingman stands dead quiet, as if he's posing for a 30-second exposure. His swing starts high, dives fast to the plate, then uppercuts, carrying his torso completely around so that at the end of his swing the top of his body is addressing the umpire while his feet are striding toward second base. Seen from the front, the motion of his bat resembles a golf swing; from above, the arc from shoulder to shoulder is as wide-brimmed as the girth of a giant sequoia. The oooohs begin midway through and follow the bat around in a crescendo of disappointment with every big strike, for the fans know that whenever Kingman hits the ball they may see something unimaginable, something no fan has ever seen, will ever see again: the farthest ball ever hit, the record, the one that never comes down.

Only nine players in the history of baseball have hit 50 homers in a season; Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Ralph Kiner and Jimmy Foxx each did it twice, and Babe Ruth did it four times. The list of hitters who never hit 50 includes Lou

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ANGELO SIMON


Mets
26

Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Duke Snider, Frank Howard, Harmon Killebrew, Willie McCovey and Hank Aaron. All of them were better hitters than Kingman, but none of them ever hit it as far. Before Kingman, the longest home run on record was Mickey Mantle's blast off Chuck Stobbs in April 1953, when the ball traveled 565 feet. Ralph Kiner, who led the National League in home runs for seven years, from 1946 to 1952, thinks that the maximum distance a human being can hit a baseball without the wind is 550 feet. "Mantle had a 30-mile-per-hour wind behind him that day," Kiner recalls. The hardest hit ball, before Kingman, was also Mantle's, a shot that hit the ornamental facade on the lip of the third deck of Yankee Stadium and missed by inches being the only ball ever hit out of that park.

Kingman doesn't enjoy talking about the distances of his home runs; like Mantle, he claims to forget them entirely. "All I can tell you about home runs is that they come in bunches," Kingman says, and certainly that has been his pattern. In one three-game series against the Chicago Clubs in Wrigley Field this year, Kingman put three balls out of the park, each of them well over 500 feet. "It was during that freak April heat wave," says Kiner, who now works as a Mets' broadcaster. "The wind was drawn and it was blowing out of the stadium." All three were classic Kingman home-run balls, jumping into the jetstream and riding the wind out of the park. One of the homers, off a Cubs reliever named Tom Dettore, sprung high, caught the wind and sailed over the ivied wall in leftfield, the bleachers, the rear screen, Waverly Avenue and descended like an accelerating meteorite onto a red-brick porch three houses down Kenmore Street. The occupants of the house scattered out onto the lawn, where they stood, 630 feet from home plate, gaping at the sky.

Home runs differ; it depends on the swing. Hank Aaron, for instance, hits the ball flat and a little on top, giving it a low trajectory with terrific speed. Kingman hits under the ball and lifts it, imparting a backspin to the ball that causes it to shoot up like a Roman candle in an enormous parabola, which arches above the stadium before it answers the call of gravity. Red Smith and James T. Farrell, who have followed baseball since Babe Ruth was converted from a pitcher for the Red Sox to a home-run hitter for the Yankees (and became, really, the first man to promote the home run into a recognized category), compared Kingman to great sluggers of the past and suggested that Ruth may have hit the ball as high as Kingman, and that Ernie Lombardi, Jimmy Foxx and perhaps Ted Kluszewski hit it as hard. All of them hit for a better average. Kingman's big swing is sometimes compared to Willie Stargell's, the august first baseman for the Pirates. "The first time I ever saw him he hit a grand slam and a towering bullet to the fence in Candlestick Park," Stargell has said of Kingman. "I knew right away he was going to be a tremendous hitter." The occasion happened to be Kingman's first game in the majors; he was playing for the Giants, and the shot came off of Pirates reliever Dave Giusti. Bobby Bonds, the former Giants outfielder, declared, "Nobody is stronger than Dave, nobody in baseball. McCovey looks stronger, has bigger muscles, but Kingman will fool you. He'll hit them as long as anybody. Richie Allen, Willie Stargell, anybody."

Kingman was a rookie "pheenom," as the players say. In his first visit

"The fans want to see Dave hit one off the end of the world," says a teammate, "and they feel cheated if he doesn't do it"

to Shea, he put a Jerry Koosman fastball into the parking lot. "He hit it nine miles," Koosman recalled. "It broke a window in their team bus." The Mets, thinking quickly, offered to trade Koosman for Kingman, but the Giants refused; they wanted John Matlack, the Mets lefthander, who is one of the finest pitchers in baseball. Two years later the Giants were happy to get what they could for Kingman, which was $160,000 from the Mets in a straight-cash deal. Kingman's hitting had fallen off badly. He had developed a reputation as a loner, an oddity; some of the Giants management whispered that he was psychotic, although the players never felt that way. "He's very sensitive," Bobby Bonds said of Kingman after the Mets acquired him. "You can't criticize him for doing something wrong. Especially in front of the other players. For example, the manager can't say to him, 'What kind of stupid play was that!' Dave would say, 'Don't you think I feel bad about it?' Right then, we'd look at each other in the clubhouse and somebody would say, 'I wonder how long we've lost him for this time?'"

Kingman has an involved, tangled personality, prone to brooding. The Giants used to call him Moon Man when they saw him out in rightfield, illumined by a million watts, standing cross-legged and ruminating like a child who's strayed onto a field of four-leaf clovers. The Mets noticed his star-gazing and nicknamed him Sky King—affectionately. But they worry about his concentration, for when Kingman gets remote he's as apt to lose a game in the field as he is to win it at the plate. His mind ascends and he leaves the game far behind. When he's hitting, the ball does the same thing: it aspires, it surpasses, it transcends the smoky stadium and the roaring infidels. Kingman never seems to enjoy watching them soar magnificently out of the park; he stands at the plate with a look of abandonment, like a man who's just missed his flight. When he's not hitting, or when he's made a stupid error in the field, he throws something, whatever's at hand—his glove, his helmet, his bat. At the beginning of the season, Joe Torre joked that "the toughest job on our team now is Jerry Grote's. Poor Jerry, hitting behind Kingman. If it's a home run, the pitcher knocks him down on the next pitch. If Dave strikes out, he throws the bat at Grote."

Striking out is something Kingman does a lot. It's the curse of a big hitter. Sometimes when the young Mantle struck out in the crackling tension of Yankee Stadium (Mantle struck out more than anybody, breaking Ruth's record) and the roar turned to mean hoots of derision, he would stalk back to the dugout, "in a red haze," as he recalled, and assault the water cooler. Ted Williams once drove his fist through a water cooler in a similar pique and nearly lost his hand. One time this year, after a two-game drought with Chicago during which Kingman left 12 runners stranded on base, he returned to his locker and broke a bottle of hair tonic, smashed a hair dryer and threw his glove into his locker, scattering clothes hangers and paraphernalia all over the clubhouse. Typically, everything he broke was his own property. The next night in Los Angeles he hit three home runs in one game.

Ball clubs have different thoughts about how to pitch to Kingman (usually their philosophies incline toward the last pitch Kingman took downtown). The Pirates don't like to throw him anything low, for fear he will "golf" it out of the stadium. "We pitch him up and give him breaking balls to keep him off balance," says Bob Skinner, former player and the present coach for the Pirates. Ted Simmons, the catcher for the St. Louis Car-

dinals, usually calls for low outside fastballs. "Kingman is not concerned with where the ball is at," Simmons explains. "The reason people don't swing at low outside fastballs is because they're not strong enough to put it out. Kingman is. It's harder, but he can put it out. At least outside he's got to go get it. It only takes half his strength inside, but it takes all his strength outside." The Dodgers usually give him "junk"—sloppy curves, knuckleballs and off-speed pitches. Jim Barr, the San Francisco righthander who was a classmate of Kingman's at the University of Southern California and later a teammate on the Giants, says, "You can pitch Dave inside and you can pitch him away. If it's in, it has to be way in, and if it's away, it has to be down. You can get him at times when he's guessing, because he goes fishing a lot."

The one thing nearly everyone agrees upon is to keep the ball well out of the strike zone, as far away from Kingman's bat as the ball can be thrown without injuring a fan or drawing a balk. Kingman has enormous reach, and he can pick up balls well off the plate, but at the same time he will wave at pitches clearly aimed at the on-deck batter. Outside breaking pitches have a particular allure for him; even when he knows it's an egregious ball, he follows its progress with a famished look on his face, and when the ball finally pops into the catcher's mitt Kingman's nose is halfway into the dirt. He has struck out 68 times in 64 games and walked only 13 times, although he's probably seen more balls than any other batter in the league. "I struck out more than anybody, but I also walked more than I struck out," Mantle comments. "He's got to learn to keep those two pretty even."

Although Kingman matches Mantle for power and strikeouts ("I hope he sticks around for 20 years and breaks my strikeout record," Mantle cracks), after that comparisons with Mantle end. Mantle was always, as the sporting press says, the compleat ballplayer, a switch-hitter, batting consistently over .300, an excellent fielder and, until his legs betrayed him, a fine baserunner. Kingman has none of those qualities. His batting average is a meager .232. He has excellent speed ("He runs like a train," says Barr, "every part of his body going every which way; he really looks awkward running"), but he's an enigmatic baserunner. He once hit a home run with a man on base, and he ran so fast around the diamond that he passed the other runner, turning his home run into a single. Recently, in a game against St. Louis, Lynn McGlothen was pitching for the Cards and Kingman was on first base with a single. McGlothen went to his stretch and glanced over at Kingman, who suddenly broke for second. Some of the Mets, who are getting pretty old, closed their eyes to protect against seizures. Midway between bases Kingman realized his folly and dove back to first, where McGlothen threw him out—or would have, if he hadn't balked in astonishment.

Placing Kingman has always been a problem, for he is a woeful fielder. In high school and most of college, he was a pitcher, with a good fastball and big curve. The Angels tried to sign him as a pitcher out of high school, but Kingman's father convinced him to go to college. At USC he had an 11–4 record with a 1.38 ERA. "In my judgment he was an outstanding major league prospect as a pitcher," says Rod Dedeaux, his coach at USC. "He had a good, strong, loose arm. He was wild, but he could throw the ball hard." Kingman also had a .353 batting average with eight home runs, and Dedeaux decided that was too good for a pitcher. "I was sure that Dave could become a major league pitcher, but with that bat in his hands I thought he would be a superstar." Dedeaux enlisted Kingman's father and together they persuaded Kingman to try it. "We called it the 'Great Experiment,'" Dedeaux recalls. "His dad and I laughed about it . . . but I had the greatest confidence that Dave would be able to adapt."

Kingman recalls the Great Experiment: "I did not want to do it. I was confident as a pitcher, although I was a little on the wild side. It was like forgetting about ten years of baseball."

Kingman was drafted by the Giants with less than a year's experience in the outfield. Dedeaux was right about Kingman's bat: he spent only two months in the minor leagues before the Giants called him up. In his first three games in the majors, Kingman hit three home runs, and the only problem the Giants had was where to put him, Bobby Bonds, Willie Mays and Ken Henderson were occupying the outfield. Their weakest position was third base, and they tried Kingman there, making him the tallest third baseman in history. It was a disaster. First base is his natural position, but both the Giants and the Mets were loaded with first basemen, so when he came to the Mets he got stuck out in rightfield, where it's thought he can do less damage. Actually, that's a mistake. When he gets out there, so far removed from the umpire's calls and the infield chatter, his moorings come loose and

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away he goes. Routine fly balls hit to right are trailed by a sort of "eeek!" sound as the fans watch Kingman assemble his faculties for the chase. His body awakens in parts, like firemen answering a bell—one man is already on the pole while another is just getting into his pants. He is so speedy and tries so hard that sometimes he makes catches that flabbergast everybody in the park, and sometimes the ball drops 5 feet behind him; even when he's making spectacular catches, he still runs like the Tin Man on amphetamines. (After a recent 9-2 defeat at the hands of the San Francisco Giants, during which Kingman badly misjudged a fly ball, Mets pitcher John Matlack lashed out at the lax play of his teammates. There was little doubt, though, that Matlack had Kingman in mind when he said, "Guys take their swings in batting practice and never take fly balls, never check the sun or wind or their own reactions.")

In his short career in the major leagues, Kingman has played every position except second base, catcher and shortstop. The Giants even used him as a relief pitcher for four innings. (He walked six, struck out four, allowed three hits and four runs.) One consequence of all this shuffling around is that Kingman has never been able to develop in one position, and as a consequence he has the worst fielding percentage in the National League. Another consequence is that most of his career has been spent on the bench. When Kingman was sold to the Mets, Bobby Bonds, one of Kingman's biggest boosters, told Mets manager Yogi Berra that he had to play him. "I told Yogi that if he plays Dave in 150 games, he'll hit 30 homers for them, maybe 40. And after he's playing regularly for a couple of years, he'll be the next man to hit 60."

Kingman joined the Mets in Florida for spring training and hit eight home runs, but during the regular season Yogi platooned him, letting him hit only against left-handed pitchers. It is an axiom of baseball that righthanders hit better against leftys and vice versa. That's when Kingman announced to the press, "I've completely given up the idea of hitting home runs against lefthanders. I just want to get on base against them. You might see me bunt four times in a game. I'm going to bunt a lot this season." The Mets went into Montreal and after Kingman got his third straight bunt single, off Expos lefthander Woody Fryman, the Expos began to chide him. Someone shouted, "Take a cut at the ball!" the next time Kingman came up; he did, and put it over the fence. After that Kingman got into the lineup full-time.

This is the first year that Kingman has had a chance to play in every game, and according to everyone—his teammates, his opponents and himself—it's brought him out. He's still a loner, but he's happy being alone. He's also hitting better. "The pitch that got him out last year won't get him out now," says Steve Yeager, the Dodgers catcher. "It's like a new hitter up there." "Sky will hit 50 this year," Joe Torre predicted early in the season. "He's not fighting himself the way he did last year when he only hit 36." When Kingman hit his 23rd homer this year, he was still almost a month away from the halfway point in the season, and his chances of hitting 50 look good; ironically, the only thing that might ruin his chances, other than an injury, is the hounding notoriety that he so avidly avoids.

When Roger Maris broke Ruth's record with 61 homers in 1961, he was hitting the ball out of the park every 11.44 times he came to the plate; when Jimmy Foxx hit 50 in 1938, he averaged one home run every 13.7 times up. Kingman's average is one home run every 12.3 at-bats. There is another record Kingman is endangering: he is striking out every 3.8 times at bat, and at that rate he has an excellent chance to make the record books.

A doorman at Shea once told Kingman: "You're standing too close in the batter's box." "I know I'm doing something wrong," was the reply

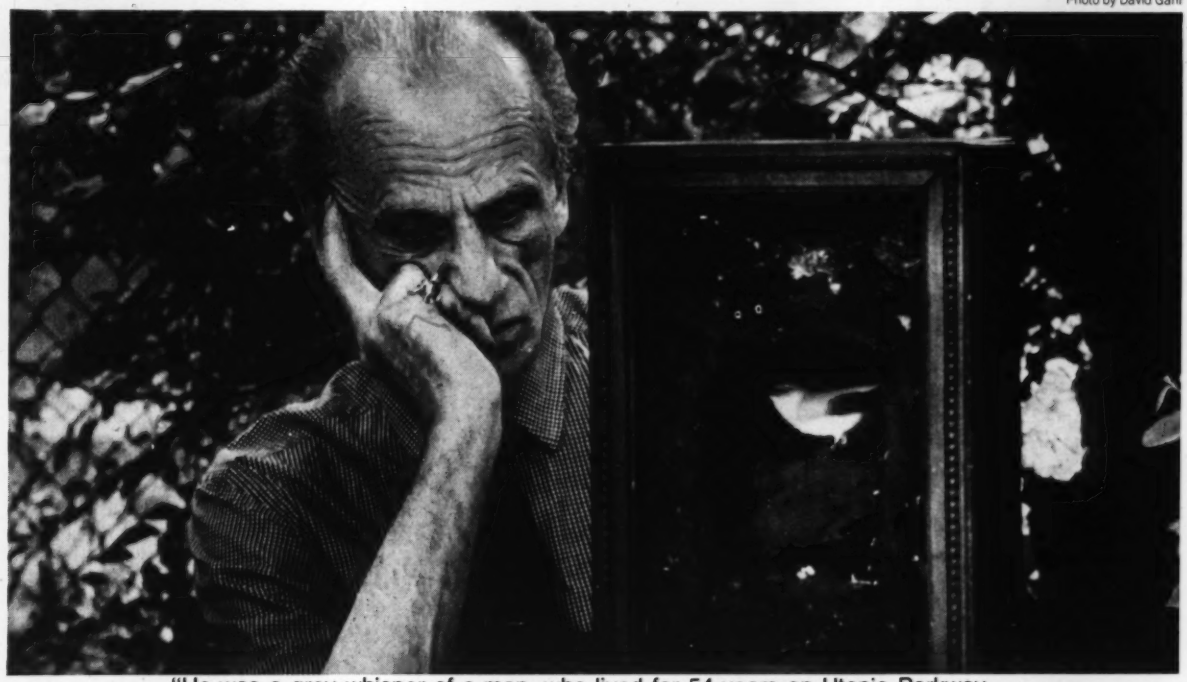
Ever since Dedeaux's Great Experiment, people have been trying to get Kingman to alter his swing so he won't strike out so often. "Believe it or not, Dave used to swing twice as hard as he does now," says Dedeaux. "There was just no wind left in the ball park after he swung. What we tried to do was to get him to drive the ball up the middle but not take any of his swing away. . . . Sometimes he would swing at bad balls, but we never wanted him to become a defensive hitter." When Kingman got to the Giants they observed his Gargantuan swing and immediately set to work refining, shortening, straightening it out, slowing it down. "I had ten different people over there telling me what to do," Kingman remembers. "They said I didn't listen. My fault was I listened to all of them." After three years of instruction from the Giants, Kingman's average dropped from .278 to .203.

When Kingman came to the Mets, they assigned only one man to train Kingman's swing, Phil Cavarretta, a former National League batting champion whose low-key demeanor puts Kingman at ease. "He's got a quick bat," Cavarretta observes. "A lot of times this is one of his faults. He gets out front too quick, and it develops into a lunge. He has very quick hands, quick wrists." Cavarretta has tried to get Kingman to diminish the uppercut, but he has left the swing long and sweeping. Still, no one is satisfied with Kingman's average or his strikeouts. Some people believe if he could just cut down on his swing he would have greater control—or perhaps he should try to hit more on a line. The doorman at the press gate in Shea Stadium is one of the many who have offered Kingman advice on how to improve his swing. "I told him, 'You're standing too close in the batter's box. All you gotta do is step back a 16th of an inch.'" "What did Kingman say?" a reporter asked. "He said, 'I know I'm doing something wrong.'"

Kingman's swing is also doing something right. It may not break Maris' record, but it has already made history. It was in Fort Lauderdale, when the Mets and the Yankees faced each other in spring training in 1975. The pitch was a Catfish Hunter change-up. It was Kingman's first week as a Met, and a lot of people in the park had never seen his unreconstructed, bombs-over-Tokyo swing, which dropped straight down like a sea hawk and scooped up Hunter's pitch off the front of the plate. The contact was explosive. "When he hit it, I flinched," said Tom Seaver, the opposing Mets pitcher. The ball hung on the fat, bending bat, then shot off, rising fast. The Yankees froze in the field, for the ball had nothing to do with them anymore; it was a satellite passing overhead, over the saluting mitts of the players, over the waving flag, and still rising as it passed—"about three palm trees high," one writer said—over the lights and immeasurably into the dark. It was the longest home run ever hit. Even Mantle, who was there as a springtime coach for the Yankees, said he had never seen one hit farther. And the thousands of people who watched it, and waited for it and wait for it still, realized that they had seen transcendence, from a gangly kid from Oregon, and in their ecstasy they knew that they would never forgive him again.●

"He was an incomparably more gifted Ludwig II who constructed his Neuschwanstein in the space of half a cubic foot."

Photo by David Gahr



"He was a grey whisper of a man, who lived for 54 years on Utopia Parkway in Queens, N.Y., an exile more singular than expatriation to Tahiti."

His name was Joseph Cornell, an immovably eccentric and reclusive artist who spent his life creating exquisite collages in little boxes. His name was hardly known even in the art world. Yet in TIME Magazine's Art section his life and work become a kind of cerebral adventure. Which demonstrates another of TIME's strengths: the humane and intelligent curiosity that animates and articulates its reportage. It's the difference between simply knowing about the unusual and unfamiliar, and being able to make it come alive.

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Books

Settling Nader's hash, sort of

By Geoffrey Wolff

Me & Ralph: Is Nader Unsafe for America? *By David Sanford.* New Republic Book Company (135 pp., $7.95).

To answer the question of this book's subtitle: Not at all, on the evidence presented by David Sanford against his ex-friend. Sanford, managing editor of *The New Republic*, has known Ralph Nader since 1965; he extracted from a private eye the intelligence that the hawkshaw was on Nader's tail, leading eventually to an out-of-court settlement by General Motors of $425,000 to the favor of Nader, whose privacy that company had invaded. Sanford was a liaison between Nader and *The New Republic*, the two institutions once upon a time having been friendly, and he served as Nader's editor for a syndicated, and not very successful, newspaper column distributed by the magazine.

But as Mark Green, a colleague of Nader's, has written: Sanford and Nader "have spoken perhaps two hours in the past nine years," leading Green and this reviewer to the conclusion that the title of this would-be unmasking "seems somewhat presumptuous." The book misleads much as the title does: it promises a punch-up, *man-to-man*, as they used to say, between antagonists, but instead delivers gossip, the inconclusive fruit of other people's investigations and a kind of unanchored ill will. I am not entirely certain that I understand why Sanford is so angry at his former friend. Perhaps it is because Nader has refused to show up for the fight, has refused interviews and records, has sent his lieutenants to face off with Sanford.

More likely, Sanford's pique is grounded in something personal: he doesn't like Nader, and it is possible to agree with his disaffection with Nader's personality without endorsing this book, a settling of accounts that has little to do with Nader's purposes, and less to do with thee and me. *Me & Ralph* adds to a considerable sum of evidence that Nader is excessively tetchy, that he is a publicity hound and a tyrant to his co-workers (many, many of whom, nonetheless, remain fanatically loyal to him), that he is more an advocate than a truth-teller, that he will pick nits with his critics rather than face their criticisms forthrightly, that he is a zealot and that he should long ago have made a full accounting of his financial arrangements with his donors, who should be publicly named.

But his zeal is his mightiest virtue. He has tried to punish those he believes have sinned, but it is in the hands of legislators, bureaucrats and consumers to execute the punishments he advocates. Like many a zealot, of course, he can be perceived as a figure of absurd fun. Sanford retails several times the information that Nader once rode in a hated Corvair with a friend who was stopped by a policeman, and that Nader once rode from the offices of *The New Republic* to the Washington Hilton without buckling his seat belt. Evidently he is a hypochondriac, and he may even spend more nights in an $80,000 town house, in title to his brother, than in his $85-per-month rented room. If so, I am impressed that Nader is not all that he represents himself to be; but whoever believed otherwise?

ANKERS CAPITOL PHOTOGRAPHERS

Sanford & Ralph in 1969: With friends like this.

For someone so eager to take the hide off his elusive antagonist, Sanford is oddly indirect in his accusations. He is suspicious, in an oblique manner, that Nader, and not his brother, is the authentic owner of the house on Bancroft Place, and uses the investigation of the *Washington Post*'s Maxine Cheshire to report that after a down payment of $20,000, Nader's brother pays $370 per month on a balance of $60,000. Sanford will not believe these figures: "Shafeek's payments must be substantially more than Mrs. Cheshire quoted Ralph as telling her." Not so: on a 30-year mortgage, such as Sanford himself has, such a monthly payment would be entirely in line at the kind of interest rates that prevailed some years ago, as Sanford might have discovered with a phone call to any bank.

His use of other people's hunches is unpersuasive, though he would argue that Nader, refusing to be interviewed by him, left him no choice. He has no evidence that Nader arranges to have friends write letters "critiquing" (as Sanford horribly writes, in another context) his critics to publications in which unfriendly reports appear. But he quotes James Fallows, Nader's former associate, that such a tactic is "not out of character." Sanford's ill will is relentless. Nader has not produced documents regarding the house on Bancroft Place (it may just be, after all, that it is, as advertised, his brother's house), and about this refusal, or failure, Sanford has written that "if Nader makes statements he won't document then I don't believe them."

If such high principles were turned against this book, its charges would not be believed, for it depends in huge measure upon Sanford's undocumented suspicions. Why was it written? Sanford admits to personal grievances against Nader, and details the course of a few public fights, the last of which he describes, with winning accuracy, as "squalid." But his stated purpose is to save us from a Nader presidency, or our electing to the same office a "cheap imitation" such as Jerry Brown. And most crucially, Sanford writes that "I was bothered (some would say obsessed) by the Nader myth since it was so out of skew with

the man I knew."

The myth and the man may indeed be radically out of skew, but Sanford has done little to adjust the one to align with the other. He has done, to be fair, a little. He quotes a Nader associate, whose arm was twisted hard, to the effect that Nader, with limited money and a high appetite for talented colleagues, has no choice but to appeal to conscience to keep his staff in line. And it is difficult to disagree with Sanford's judgment that Nader is the kind who will "bleed for the poor and downtrodden but mistreat their maids." If President "Ford is the sort of guy who would give his lunch to a hungry child, then vote against free milk for poor schoolchildren," Nader does the reverse. Fine: I would prefer Ford as a companion on a fishing trip and Nader as the executor of public interest.

Sanford, with many before him, accurately identifies Nader's most fundamental weakness, his personification of himself with *the public interest*. As Peter Schuck has written, and Sanford has quoted, "what in fact *is* the 'public interest,' and where does it lie? . . . Are the revealed preferences of voters entitled to the same respect in the legislature as those of consumers in the marketplace? If so, by what standard may we conclude that voters who care more about highways than they do about mass transit are 'irrational' or 'victims of the special interests?' On what grounds may we require mature responsible drivers to purchase seat belts for their cars against their will? There are answers to these questions, of course. For example, 'there are times when people cannot be relied upon to know their own interests'—but these answers do not comport easily with democratic theory, and are always susceptible to abuse."

Whatever reservations I may have about Nader, I have graver reservations about the purposes and methods of Sanford's book about him. And because I have seen at close hand Sanford's suspicions about the motives of his critics, I would like to say for the record that I do not work for Nader; nor do I know him; nor have I met him; nor has he or anyone put me or *New Times* up to this review; nor do I know, as far as I know, anyone who works for or with Ralph Nader. Nor have I intentionally left open any loophole—a favorite locution of would-be muckrakers such as Sanford in this sorry season of *soft denials*—through which my true and ulterior motives might have leaked.

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Music

Rhythm crazy over roots

By Robert Palmer

"Roots music!" a cabal of listeners at a corner table kept shouting to Taj Mahal. "C'mon, mon, mo' roots!"

Taj, who was performing at New York's Bottom Line rock club, was doing his best. Until recently he had been a purist, affecting the dress of a Southern field hand and singing blues by Robert Johnson and Mississippi John Hurt. Now he was wearing an enormous Caribbean straw hat and a loose-fitting dashiki and mixing his blues with reggae and calypso numbers, and a large, loud, conspicuously funky band was churning out Afro-Latin dance rhythms behind him. But his self-appointed auditors, who were from Jersey and not Jamaica despite their carefully cultivated patois, kept after him anyway. "Sing roots, mon, sing some Bob Marley. C'mon, mon, catch-a-fire!"

Yes, reggae fever is abroad in the land and, yes, Bob Marley, Jamaica's most conspicuous musical genius, has been enshrined by *Time*, *People* and *Rolling Stone* as the first international reggae superstar. But no, Marley, reggae and Taj Mahal are not the whole story. Roots music—the African-derived rhythmic heartbeat at the core of contemporary disco, jazz, pop and rock—is the story. Musically speaking, it may be the biggest story of the seventies.

The term "roots music" is of Jamaican coinage. It refers to music that is basic, of the soil, but also, more specifically, to music that's close to the African beginnings of Jamaica's black culture. African syncopation and polyrhythm have, of course, long been recognized as the roots of black music all over the Americas. Brought to the Western continents unwittingly by slavers and driven underground by missionaries and plantation overseers, African music soon vanished in its purest, most specifically tribal forms. But it left a rhythmic legacy that has always lurked just under the surface of American music, from minstrelsy to Motown.

The phenomenon of roots music has been threatening to sprout up out of the underground for years. The bossa nova fad of the early sixties had to do with the appeal of Afro-Brazilian rhythms, although most of the bossa nova heard in this country was a dilution of the real Brazilian *samba de rua*, the "samba of the streets." During the late sixties and early seventies, the South African trumpeter Hugh Masekela, the West African rock band Osibisa and other artists from roots music's motherland stirred up some interest with their hybridizations of traditional African music and American pop. More recently there has been a mini-fad for New York Latin music among disco dancers, a taste of authentically hot Brazilian street rhythms from songstress Flora Purim and Taj Mahal's conversion to the roots religion, to name three apparently disparate developments.

But the best place to look for the influence of roots music isn't at the bottom of the Hot 100 but at the top.

•The best-selling single record in New York City during 1975 was the Ritchie Family's "Brazil." It went on from its first burst of ghetto popularity to drive its emphatically Afro-oriented Brazilian rhythm into the skulls of disco dancers everywhere, becoming a huge international hit.

•The year's top jazz group, according to the prestigious *Downbeat* readers' poll, was Weather Report, and the group spiced its *Tale Spinnin'* album–*Downbeat*'s Jazz Record of the Year—with Brazilian and Afro-Caribbean melodies, rhythms and percussion instruments.

• *Rolling Stone*'s annual Band of the Year award went to Bob Marley and the Wailers.

Roots music is everywhere. Today's pop and jazz arrangers and musicians may employ lush strings and sighing vocal groups, or improvisation and electronics. Singers may go in for smooth crooning, seductive whispers or all-out declarations of love and lust. But the substructure of their music, the rhythmic bedrock, is African in derivation and, increasingly, African or Afro-Caribbean in substance and style. The style can be broken down something like this:

1. Take a simple rhythm pattern like *one*-two-three-four, *one*-two-three-four, and syncopate it, for example: *one*-a-two-a-three-four, *one*-a-two-a-three-four.

2. Combine your syncopated rhythm pattern with one or more additional rhythm patterns: *one*-a-two-a-three-four, one-two-*three*-four, or one-*and*-a-two-*and*-a.

3. Now orchestrate these complementary rhythm patterns, giving one to the drums, one to the bass, one to the rhythm guitar and so on. The result will be a basic rhythm track onto which you can graft a superstructure that's rock, straight pop, disco or jazz, depending on your orientation, ambition and ability.

Among Jamaican, Brazilian, African and many Afro-American musicians, the substance of roots music means something more. It means an African musical vocabulary involving a preference for certain varieties of choral singing (call-and-response, parallel harmony), for certain instrumental sounds (thick or hoarse sonorities rather than pure, simple ones) and for certain song subjects (family or community concerns). More, it means a shared cultural heritage; it means pride. Consider the case of Hugh Masekela. Five years ago he was playing slick, Americanized Afro-pop, backed by American musicians. Now he works with Ojah, a ferocious West African roots band, and his songs are anti-colonialist diatribes. "Cortez was a pirate," he sings in the title tune of his new LP, *Colonial Man*, "Just like Christopher Columbus/He liked discovery/He was no friend of mine." The Jamaican roots reggae group Burning Spear, whose three vocalists dress in loincloths and wail in parallel harmony, is just as explicit. Spear's smoldering *Marcus Garvey* album includes two tributes to the late founder of the Back to Africa movement and asks, "Do you remember the days of slavery?/Please remember the days of slavery."

Still, incendiary lyrics aren't selling roots music. Rhythm is, and rhythm is even more insidious. It bypasses the cerebrum, connecting directly with the autonomic nervous system. It can produce involuntary toe-tapping and hip-shaking and, in certain circumstances, psychophysical states of dissociation or trance. It crosses apparently impenetrable national and linguistic boundaries with ease. One of

the most popular concert attractions in Paris, France, for example, is the black Brazilian entertainer Jorge Ben, who sings only in Portuguese. In 1975 Ben sold out seven consecutive shows at Paris' Olympia Theater, and English pop writer Richard Williams reported that "his band aims straight for the feet; now influenced by black North American music to a surprising extent, they're capable of communicating quite easily with anyone who enjoys, say, Sly Stone." But Ben, who will be merchandised in the U.S. by Island records this summer, doesn't need a soul band to inspire dancing mania. His acoustic guitar and voice alone are responsible for some of the most kinetic, least resistible sounds on wax.

Purveyors of roots music come in all colors, sizes and shapes. Flora Purim, who took over Ella Fitzgerald's spot as top female vocalist in most of the 1975 jazz polls, is a product of Rio de Janeiro's Jewish middle class. She heard classical music and jazz from an early age, but her real musical education was samba rhythms in the streets. She's 33 now, and she still shimmies her shoulders and swings her hips to an imagined carnival rhythm when she recalls her childhood. "Rio is the capital of the samba," she says. "I can still remember singing to it, improvising in the streets. But there are a lot of rhythms in our music now. The people react very strongly, and now that we're touring, the music gets more and more—How can I say it?—it's like a fever."

Airto, whose distinctive percussion playing with Miles Davis initiated the current vogue for roots rhythms within jazz, is characteristically more direct. "We play with electronic instruments," he says, "but electronic instruments are just machines that you use. To play something really interesting, you have to use your roots."

Roots rhythms aren't likely to fade from public favor like the bossa nova, Afro-rock and other fads did in the past. It's already too important a part of North American disco music and jazz, and people as diverse as Paul Simon and the rock group Steely Dan are making sure it becomes an equally integral part of pop and rock. But will the musicians and groups closest to the roots–the Flora Purims, Jorge Bens, Burning Spears and Hugh Masekelas–be able to break through to the kind of commercial acceptance enjoyed by their precocious North American pupils? Most pop pundits think not. They reason that these acts, with their hard-to-understand accents and their unabashed sensuality, are simply too ethnic to win mass acceptance in the U.S.

But pop music's critical establishment has been wrong before. Even the pop critics who had been supporting Bob Marley and the Wailers since their American debut several years ago were taken by surprise when Marley's latest tour produced near pandemonium and his album *Rastaman Vibration* began climbing the Hot 100. Similarly, the pop critics continue to condemn disco, yet disco records continue to sell up to 100,000 copies on the strength of disco play alone, and with good reason. Rock music has become so concerned with theatricality and artifice that it's no longer much danced to. Most of today's rock isn't even danceable; instead of soaring, it thuds and crunches along. Disco fills a basic need for music to move to, and it moves to roots rhythms. Now the roots are out of the ground, and the fever is in the air.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAYMOND ROSS

Flora Purim:
hot Brazilian rhythms

Afro Roots

Welcome Home, Osibisa (Island ILPS 9355). The West African musicians who comprise Osibisa wrote the book on Afro-rock during the late sixties, but personnel problems kept them from living up to their early potential. This, the group's seventh album, reunites most of the original members. It's an attractive if somewhat ingenuous fusion of excellent African drumming and average rock musicianship.

Colonial Man, Hugh Masekela (Casablanca NBLP 7023). The lyrics retell the story of the colonization of Africa and the Americas from a black viewpoint. The music is sultry tropical pop on top, roots rhythms at bottom.

Jamaican Roots

Rastaman Vibration, Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island ILPS 9383). With this album, Marley cleans up his patois, embraces rock and soul influences more openly and concocts a brand of reggae that's melodically appealing, rhythmically subtle and commercially viable. Purists will carp, but make no mistake: Bob has the talent to transcend his idiom and will doubtless do a lot for the cause of more roots-oriented reggae in the process.

Marcus Garvey, Burning Spear (Island ILPS 9377). The patois may puzzle you; the out-of-tune brass might make you cringe. But the chanting of Spear's three vocalists is spellbinding, and the rhythms are among the most celebratory to come out of Jamaica.

Brazilian Roots

Samba Nova, Jorge Ben (Island HELP 23). This definitive greatest hits collection, available now as an English import and due for American release later this summer, is brimming over with languorously lyrical melodies and rhythmic *joie de vivre*.

Open Your Eyes You Can Fly, Flora Purim (Milestone M-9065). Flora's use of jazz elements and electronics makes her music more accessible than that of many other roots artists.

Salsa Roots

Concepts in Unity, Grupo Folklorico y Experimental Nuevayorquino (Salsoul SAL 2-400). Salsa, the pop sound of New York's Latin community, has long been America's principal domestic variety of roots music. Generically, it's a fusion of Afro-Cuban and Puerto Rican elements, and now the Grupo Folklorico has laid bare its roots by recreating the Cuban cafe music, Puerto Rican country dances and African drumming from which it grew. *Concepts in Unity* is an ideal introduction to Latin music and an interesting indication that Third World rhythms have become deeply rooted in American soil.

Miscellaneous Roots

Satisfied 'N Tickled Too, Taj Mahal (Columbia PC 34103). For a long time Taj seemed to be jumping from style to style, without really synthesizing his influences. Now, with the help of his energetic backing band, he is simmering blues and Caribbean material together in a rich Third World stew.

The sweet images on orange crate labels that once lured folks West are now attracting thousands of art collectors

In 1875 a visitor to California wrote: ". . . Nothing worthy of the name of orange could be seen in California. Thick-skinned, sour, pithy and dry, it was an insult to the noblest of fruits to call the California product by that name. . . . " The orange he described had been grown in groves first planted by the early missions. The fathers were obviously more successful in spreading the Word than sowing the seed.

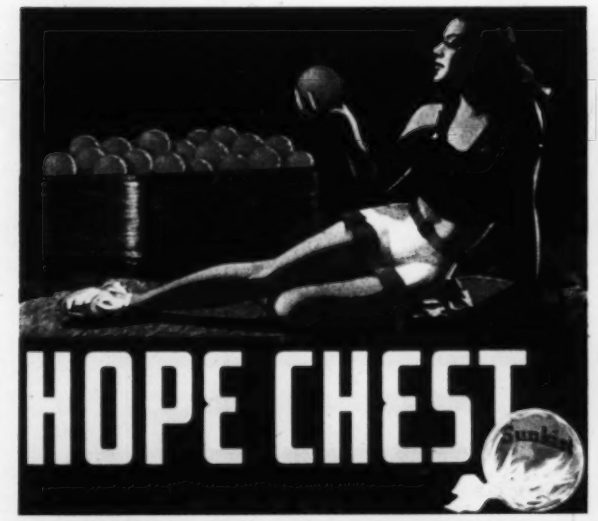
But at about the same time, the navel orange was imported from Brazil and nurtured in Riverside, California. Success was almost immediate: production jumped from 4,290 boxes in 1881 to 400,000 in 1892. Hoping to spur sales, some growers started using labels to add a little color to their merchandise and to differentiate their oranges from those of other growers. California images of sun-drenched fields, verdant valleys and apple-cheeked children were whisked by train to the cold East, where the vision stuck.

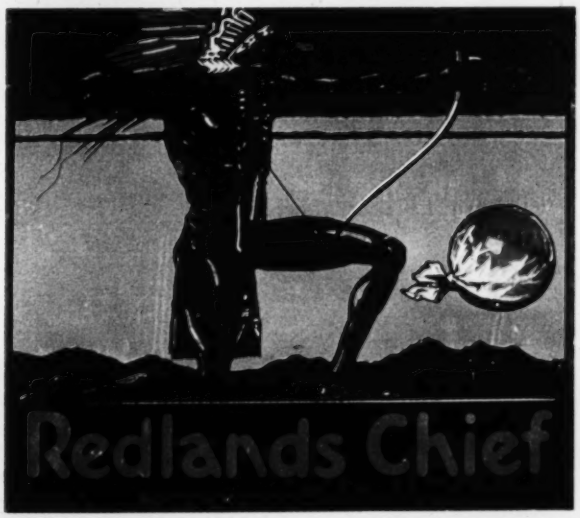
It's hard to imagine orange crates as the source of exotic fantasy, but in the early 1900s, these miniature posters promised California treasures just as fables of gold-laden mountains had a half-century earlier. The treasure this time was land, cheap and rich so the story went, that bore fruit faster than it could be picked. When members of the California Fruit Growers Exchange advertised their crops, they knew they weren't just selling oranges, they were selling California: "Oranges for Health, California for Wealth."

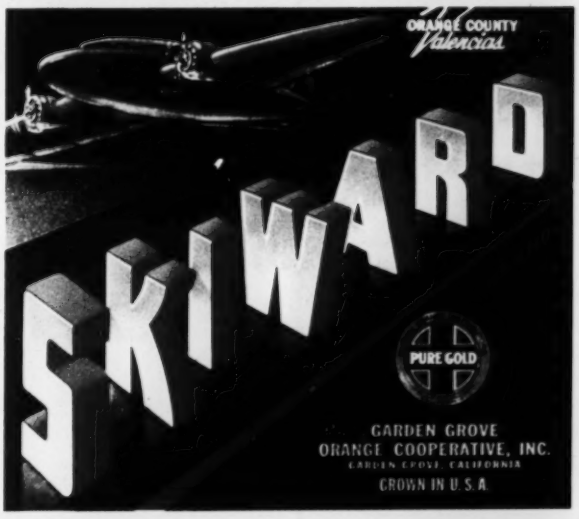
"I've never met anyone who said, 'Yes, I came to California because of an orange crate label.' But I'm sure those labels had a huge impact on people and their decision to move West," says Laurie Gordon, who, with Susan Levitin, John Salkin and others, put together an exhibit of orange crate art for the de Young Museum in San Francisco. "You have to remember, the labels were among the few pictures of California that were in color—even the magazines were in black and white, except for their covers. The labels' colors and images overstated the case for California."

The labels span a half-century, and the development and increasing sophistication of their design mark changes not only in the growers' business sense but also in the life of Southern California. The first labels were produced by Schmidt Lithographers of San Francisco in 1894—just a year after a delegation of growers showed off their navel oranges at the Chicago World's Fair. Bearing no identifying name, these first lithographs were hand-stipled, a printing process that utilizes a stone and that would be very expensive today.

By 1901, some 5,000 growers were taking oranges to market, and labels, with brand names, had become a standard feature. The artists and growers, wishing to appeal to the







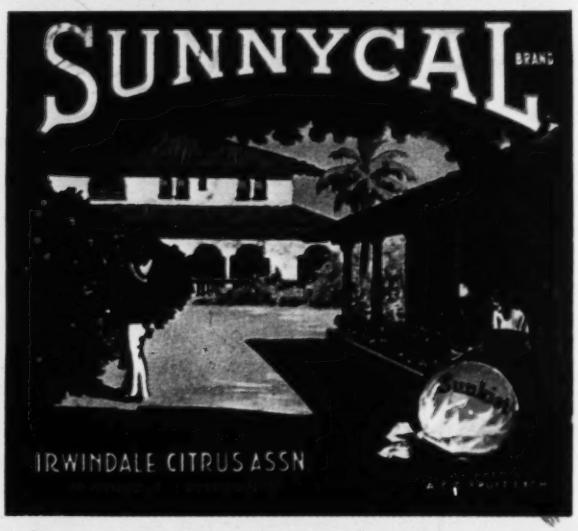
shopping woman, decked the labels with "suitable" images: angelic children, lovely Caucasian women plucking fruit, flowers. In due time, they realized that the real sales were taking place not on market shelves but in cavernous warehouses where crates were stacked 10 feet high. Visibility and legibility were what counted, and so the old pastel labels were replaced by vibrant, striking ones bearing images that were meant to appeal to the male buyers: glamorous women, frontier illustrations, Italian vistas. (The latter not only perpetuated the romantic tradition of the label but also were meant to compete with citrus imports and to appeal to the many buyers who were of Italian descent.)

By the thirties, the labels' colors had become darker, the words bolder and the pictures more concentrated. Cars, trains, boats and planes were the dominant symbols. Transportation and technology meant progress to people, and the possibility of a world free of physical toil.

Tens of thousands of Midwesterners, who saw the promise of the labels and read of opportunity in leaflets spread by the growers, came to California in the late twenties and early thirties, trundling across wasted fields of dust, seeking the golden land where fruit fell from trees and jobs were ripe for the picking. What they found was a darker reality of jobs in canneries, packing houses, shipping plants—and in the "golden" fields. The images on the orange crates were far removed from the life of the migrant worker. John Steinbeck recorded the vista: "And in the south, he saw the golden oranges hanging on the trees. . . and guards with shotguns patrolling the lines so a man might not pick an orange for a thin child, oranges to be dumped if the price was too low. . . . "

Even for those who were able to buy land, the fantasy of the labels was short-lived: the war years and those immediately following marked a period of unprecedented growth in California, particularly in Southern California. Groves of citrus trees in the San Fernando Valley were bulldozed and replaced with houses; orange trees in Orange County gave way to asphalt and foam rubber plants—and, yes, Disneyland. Even orange crate art came to an end when, during the war, cardboard cartons replaced wooden crates and a two-color stamp took the place of the labels.

Just about the only place California orange labels may now be found are pressed between the pages of some collector's folio. Ms. Gordon estimates that there are some 2,000 people who, intrigued by the labels' beauty and the sense of history they purvey, pay anywhere from 50¢ to $100 for the labels, which are among the last vestiges of Southern California's golden dream. ● **—Susan Lyne and Suzanne Charlé**



Movies

The eyes don't have it

By Richard Corliss

"Their eyes met like magnets." Joke cliché or folk wisdom, this phrase sums up the galvanizing romanticism of old movies. When Bogart and Ingrid Bergman run into each other in *Casablanca*, when Rita Hayworth suddenly sees Glenn Ford in *Gilda*, they make an erotic connection that's undreamt of in the boudoir philosophy of Gerard Damiano. To be sure, the gravitational attraction that you feel pulling two heavenly bodies toward each other has a lot to do with narrative traditions of old movies, with the collaborative effort half a hundred Hollywood craftsmen put into creating an overwhelming romantic effect and—especially if you're young and just seeing an old film for the first time—with an aching nostalgia for the way it might have been and ought to be now. But, goddammit, their eyes *did* meet like magnets. And, by some arcane law of celluloid physics, we were drawn into the action, onto the screen, eyeball-to-eyeball with our shining ideals.

But then, starting with Jean-Luc Godard's 1959 *Breathless*, the hipper filmmakers decided it was time to stop reworking nineteenth-century conventions borrowed from the novel and the stage, and picked up on the defining characteristics of twentieth-century art: the emphasis on man's alienation from his fellow men and his environment, and the use of devices that call attention to the artwork itself rather than to the action portrayed in it. The distance between a film's characters was reflected in the distance between the film and its audience. The most "important" movies of the last 15 years (from Europeans like R. W. Fassbinder and Jacques Rivette to the American structuralists like Stan Brakhage and Hollis Frampton) have been more about films than about people; the best movies (like Fellini's *8½*, Bergman's *Persona*, Richard Lester's *Petulia*) have been about *both*, and have benefited from the collision between modernism and humanism. But good or bad, movies that deal in isolation and fragmentation can hardly be expected to deal with the coming together of celestial spirits. Nobody's eyes meet like magnets anymore; indeed, two of the biggest American movie stars, Jack Nicholson and Barbra Streisand, are cross-eyed. The romantic magnet has lost its pull, and directors like Nicolas Roeg, Roman Polanski and Marco Ferreri now ask us to help them examine the scattered metal filings.

If you were to imagine an icon of these tendencies in modern movies, you'd come up with David Bowie. Concave chest, androgynous walk and all, he's a genuine seventies star—and in Roeg's **The Man Who Fell to Earth** you're drawn immediately to his eyes.

The Man Who Fell to Earth, starring Rip Torn and David Bowie (above), winds up looking like a Carnaby Street commercial for alienation.

There's a bemused intelligence residing there, behind the steady, unshockable gaze of a satyr-elf who's seen it all and found it just slightly wanting. As it happens, this otherworldly pop star is playing a displaced person from outer space (type casting!), and the eyes we've been studying aren't his: they're contact lenses designed to shield his real eyes from earth's physical and social impurities. So the only real person in the movie is only a persona. The earthlings are "all too human"—venal or shallow or just played out—in other words, not nearly human enough.

Thomas Jerome Newton (the name assumed by the Bowie character) has come to earth to carry off a complex scheme that will allow water to be transferred back to his parched planet before his wife and children (the planet's last survivors) die of dehydration. His supernatural technical sophistication eventually makes him the world's richest young recluse—a seraph-faced Howard Hughes—all for the sake of launching a spaceship that will take him and his water pollution back home. But the three Americans he comes into closest contact with—a cautious lawyer (Buck Henry), a randy scientist (Rip Torn) and a cute hotel domestic (Candy Clark)—all fail Newton, by being either too eager to exploit him (Henry and Torn) or too dumb to understand him (Clark). And a nameless organization, faced with a power it can't control or co-opt, finally kidnaps Newton and sedates him with the bland blandishments of capitalist luxury. The fallen angel has been permanently grounded.

This plot summary is overburdened with metaphors, but so is the movie. Roeg is so busy loading images and messages onto a rickety sci-fi structure that the plot collapses into incoherence. A plot that invites analysis shouldn't defy description; a movie as fragmented as this may challenge the viewer to help reassemble the puzzle's pieces, but it shouldn't insist he discover or invent what isn't there. *The Man*

Continued on page 66

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Continued from page 63

Who Fell to Earth wants to be mysterious—and Bowie's unique unisexuality almost provides it—but too often the movie is pointlessly obscure.

Which is probably what Nick Roeg was trying for. Roeg's previous film, *Don't Look Now*, transformed the back streets of Venice into a sinking nightmare of palpable creepiness; but it also turned a modest Daphne du Maurier mood piece into a lexicon of fussy filmmaking technique. Roeg's an interior decorator of the modern soul, but every room he touches ends up looking like your grandmother's attic. He never shows even the smallest action—say, a man checking his watch—in one shot if he can do it in three. Bowie can't be shown watching just one TV set; he's got to have 12 screens, each throwing out a different, pulsating image. Yes, and we must have a few mirrors in each shot, to reflect infinity in an object. You may say that Roeg's mosaic movies add up to less than the sum of their parts, and ask what this or that story point means. But story points are hopelessly old-fashioned, maybe even reactionary, and Roeg is nothing if not trendy. Trouble is, Nick, the psychedelic thriller was sixties stuff, than which nothing could be older-fashioned. That's why *The Man Who Fell to Earth* winds up looking like a Carnaby Street commercial for alienation.

* * *

Roman Polanski's an interior decorator, too. His specialty is dressing up haunted houses in Eastern-European rococo. Most of his movies are about people disintegrating in architecturally interesting apartment houses: Catherine Deneuve in *Repulsion*, Mia Farrow in *Rosemary's Baby* and now Polanski himself in **The Tenant.** (*Chinatown* doesn't fit this thesis, so I'm ignoring it.) And like Roeg, Polanski often seems less interested in the breakup than in the bric-a-brac. This obsession with decor made sense in *Rosemary's Baby*, partly since the apartment was in Manhattan's expensive, exclusive Dakota Hotel, partly since we could assume that Rosemary's out-of-work-actor husband had to sell his soul (and Rosemary's baby) to get a two-year lease there. More important, in Mia Farrow—and in Catherine Deneuve—Polanski had found two irresistible forces to place among all those immovable objects; Farrow's frail mania and Deneuve's voluptuous depression were exciting to watch. Polanski knew how to elicit performances from the actresses like none they've given before or since. But director Polanski gives actor Polanski too much rope in *The Tenant*—and it hangs the picture.

Polanski plays a nebbish clerk who leases a room in a Paris apartment house previously rented by a young woman who attempted suicide by throwing herself out of the apartment window; and the new tenant gradually becomes convinced that his neighbors are driving him to the same fatal end. That way (as you may have guessed) lies the madness the rest of the movie tries to evoke. Polanski has the face of a prematurely aged urchin, and you can watch him strut his eccentric stuff (hallucinations, transvestism, fractured English) for most of the movie's two hours. But it's symptomatic of the new directorial self-absorption that Polanski overuses himself and largely ignores the talents of his co-stars: Isabelle Adjani (Truffaut's Adele H.) and such valiant mainstays of the French cinema as Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet and Shelley Winters. The film's shaggy-dog premise is as tiny as a Lhasa Apso, but Polanski could have made a murky minor classic out of it; instead, he surrendered to the temptations of a large budget and recognizable actors, and turned *The Tenant* into one of those multinational-conglomerate movies that please no one but the bankers who loaned out the initial capital. A few years ago, Polanski made an enjoyably bizarre movie in Carlo Ponti's villa, and called it *What?* His new movie, not unbearable but simply insubstantial, could be called *So What?*

Director Roman Polanski gives actor Polanski too much rope in his new film, *The Tenant*—and it hangs the picture.

* * *

Director Marco Ferreri has always seemed something of a masochistic Rabelais. His interest in the extremes of human behavior has drawn him to stories about a man who literally dies from satisfying his wife's insatiable sexual appetite (*The Conjugal Bed*), about the love life of a sideshow freak (*The Ape Woman*) and about a quartet of upper-class gourmets who eat themselves to death (*The Grande Bouffe*). The dramatic progression was always from bawdy humor to suicidal horror. Now, in **The Last Woman,** he has changed tone. The movie is a case history of a young egotist who casually ruins the lives of everybody around him—finally including himself, in a quick but deadly castration scene. Clinically austere, this study of complicitous sexual degradation is like *Last Tango in Paris* without the music.

Gérard (Gérard Depardieu) is a sacred monster of male chauvinism—selfish, boorish, exhibitionist and, sometimes, in spite of himself, childishly charming—in the inevitable phrase, a prick. An industrial engineer, he finds himself spending a month's enforced vacation with a pretty young nursery-school teacher (Ornella Muti) and his year-old son—who's Gérard's small self-image and the only person he can love. Gérard and his son (Depardieu's own child, by the way) are at about the same emotional age; and *The Last Woman* is really an essay on infantile sex. Gérard's whole existence is centered on his penis, which he plays or works with as obsessively (and with almost as little self-consciousness) as his son does with his. Ferreri nicely captures some presumably spontaneous moments of sex-play involving this improvised nuclear family: Gérard impulsively touching the girl's breast, his son delightedly resting his head in her crotch. But the director is also bent on establishing the rhythm of sexual boredom, and carries it off far too successfully: there are times when the movie seems to have been going on for a month.

The castration is both inevitable and whimsical, for Gérard has been fooling with knives and saws almost as much as he has with himself: the fateful carving knife is both an extension of his manhood and the tool of his self-destruction. Gérard's cock was his life; once dismembered, he has reached the end of that life. *The Last Woman* may also be the logical culmination of movies about Man cut off from his fellows and his surroundings, for it climaxes in the image of a man irrevocably cut off from himself.

Food

America's cornucopia/By Miriam Ungerer

Corn, one of our great national treasures, didn't make much of a hit with Isabella when Columbus brought some back from Cuba. Although in the ensuing years Europeans took to cocoa, tobacco, potatoes and tomatoes, corn never really made it except as animal fodder. Italians developed a fondness for their polenta and one finds tiny unborn ears of corn in some Chinese food, but corn in all its variety and loveliness remains essentially an American taste (both north and south of the equator).

Nearly every Indian tribe quite sensibly worshiped a corn god—the grain was life-sustaining, easily cultivated and, like the pig, every part of it was usable. Sixteenth-century drawings depict Indian villages with neat cornfields laid out in successive plantings. In one of them, a couple appears to be sharing a tray of hominy. Some of the corn was dried and pounded into meal—mostly to thicken none too subtle stews of small game. And, of course, the husks and cobs were used for fuel. Curiously, the early colonists failed to see how essential this native crop was to their well-being.

The first English settlers at Jamestown lived off the stores brought with them, neglecting to plant anything. They were a shiftless lot, ignorant of farming and ill-prepared to create a self-sustaining community. Three-quarters of them died, and the starving survivors began stealing food from the alienated Indians. Thus was developed our keenness for corn, now one of our most cherished traditional foods.

But the most familiar variety, yellow corn, "was not eaten by civilized people" until 1900, writes David Burpee, son of the famous seedsman, W. Atlee Burpee. Although yellow corn was used only for animal and chicken feed, civilized people were certainly eating some kind of corn, because I have an 1845 English cookery book that advises boiling "green corn for 30 minutes" then "dishing it upon a toast." These must have been the instructions for ruining tender ears of young *white* corn.

William Chambers, a Massachusetts farmer, was famous countywide for his "sweet little roasting ears with delicious golden yellow kernels." But it was a secret he would share with no one. It was only after Chambers had seen his final harvest that Mr. Burpee was able to buy some of the prized seeds. He named the variety *Golden Bantam* and offered it for the first time in the 1902 catalogue. After some years, even the most suspicious were persuaded of the superiority of this new breed, and it is still offered in the 1976 catalogue—along with 26 other hybrids and varieties ranging from pearly white *Country Gentleman* to tiny dark red *Strawberry* popcorn, the original multicolored Indian corn. And if you can't make up your mind, there's a new hybrid with both yellow and white kernels. The Burpee people are celebrating their Centennial this year and are offering fine color reproduction from their old catalogues printed on calendars, trays, place mats and whatnot.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Although corn has been a staple food in this hemisphere for thousands of years, how it got here remains a mystery, as it has never been discovered in a wild state. Botanists surmise that *Zea Mays* (maize to the Anglos) is an ancient hybrid, probably Mayan in origin. Cortes and his crowd, with their heavy looting and raping schedule, were too preoccupied to notice this other kind of "gold." Corn, aside from looking and tasting wonderful, is one of the world's most valuable food crops. Under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation, a new high-protein hybrid has been developed that could alleviate hunger and malnutrition in many Third World countries.

Although corn isn't a matter of life or death for us (as it is, for instance, in Mexico), there are few Americans who don't grow a little glassy-eyed over the season's first corn. At the country roadside stand, where cityfolk stand aimlessly stripping ears, trying to look knowledgeable while the farmer's wife glares tracer bullets, be pleasant but confident. First of all, ask what times of day the corn is picked (as you must know in France what hour the croissants are baked), and time your buying to coincide with the latest picking. Corn is not recognized by most people as the fragile prima donna it is: when torn from the stalk, it almost immediately starts to deteriorate, and the sugar converts to starch at a hideous rate. Purists—advanced corn fanatics—get the water boiling (unadulterated with salt, sugar or milk) while someone is picking the corn, which is quickly husked and thrown still screaming like a lobster into the pot.

This is an almost unattainable ideal; however, you can buy from a reputable farmstand where the corn is picked several times a day and kept in a cool, shady spot. The minute you get it home, refrigerate it. Buy small, young ears, as mature corn is quite tough and no amount of boiling will help it. Young corn will be completely done in about three to five minutes, and a tip from Emma Paddock Telford in her excellent 1908 *Good Housekeeper's Cookbook*: "If the family is large, it is a good plan to cook the corn in relays."

There are splendid things to do with fresh young corn other than "corn-on-the-cob," which could, I suppose, get boring sometime in September. In an old Creole cookbook, I've found recipes for corn soup, corn salad vinaigrette, corn chowder, corn omelet, soufflé, pudding, fritters, bread, and hoe-cake. But the simplest way may be the best. William Cobbett, the great eighteenth-century radical English writer, wrote after a stay in our country, "Roasted ears are certainly the greatest delicacy that ever came in contact with the palate of man. . . . I defy all the arts of French cookery, upon which so many volumes have been written, to produce anything so delightful. . . ." A bit cornball, maybe—but true, so true. ●

Final Tribute

Going out with a bang/By Lewis Archibald

It had better be said. Despite all the Bicentennial banners, this has not been a good year for the take-a-patriot-to-lunch bunch. Not when our President is often outranked by his wife in popularity polls and the House and Senate seem determined to turn Capitol Hill into a series of public-financed interconnecting motel rooms. Not when our red-blooded intelligence agencies can't seem to handle anything more difficult than sorting Jane Fonda's mail.

What, indeed, is left for one to feel honestly patriotic about without that creeping fear that you're being had? Even the hallowed Fourth of July, traditional refuge for the America First crowd, seems unforgivably decked out this year in red, white and blue press agentry as virtually every city on the Eastern Seaboard competes for some sort of I Love America Best award. Indeed, only one aspect of the Fourth still seems traditionally inviolable: the fireworks that end the day in giant megalopolis and small community alike across the land.

For me, "fireworks" means a sloping grassy knoll up above Coraopolis, Pa., with the Moon Township Volunteer Fire Department at the helm and more sparklers, cherry bombs and ladyfingers among the crowd than anyone should ever care to light a match to. Each year we ooh and aah at the multicolored chrysanthemum bursts in the sky, watch eagerly to see if any flare will actually stay burning all the way to the ground and cover our ears during the final barrage. There's the American flag display, where the stars always burn out long before the stripes, and the bombardment between ship and plane, where somehow no flare from one ever manages to hit the other. And the men from the Elks collecting donations for next year. And the township police vainly trying to force the traffic into some pattern, any pattern, afterward.

Fireworks on the Fourth of July have come to be one of the more enduring symbols of Americana. And appropriately so. Like all of us, they were originally of foreign extraction but now they seem uniquely at home here, making the Fourth the one holiday of the year your ears notice first. They are flamboyant, noisy, dazzlingly triumphant and brilliantly adventurous as they stake out their claim in the sky with the potential for both great danger and great beauty. Not a bad definition of the American character. And they bring a community together as television cannot do, as high school sports events have ceased to do and as most local governments don't even try to do.

Now, the fireworks themselves are seriously threatened. This September—safely after our 200th birthday—the Consumer Products Safety Commission is enforcing a nationwide ban on the sale of all but the smallest "ladyfinger" firecrackers (they'd ban those too, they say, if they didn't think it would just lead to heavier smuggling than there is already). Thirty-two states now have firecracker bans, but anyone awakened at 6:15 on

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the Fourth by the first day's explosion can tell you how effective that prohibition is. A cherished teenage tradition for all of us is that quick trip across the state line to load up before the Fourth.

Though this ban will not necessarily affect those public displays licensed and usually put on by the local fire department, another ruling will. The commission also intends to enforce strict safety standards for all the types of fireworks we see on the Fourth—the Roman candles, the Catherine wheels, the fountain displays, those resounding aerial bombs. The fireworks manufacturers of course claim that abiding by these new standards will, you should pardon the expression, skyrocket their costs. Which in time-honored fashion will be passed on to guess who. For many communities, suffering budget cuts and tight money, this is likely to be the last year for a pyrotechnically glorious Fourth.

It seems a sad shame, particularly when the federal government cannot even muster a decent gun control law yet. But there's a nastier shame behind it. Last year, there were about 6,000 firecracker-related injuries for which emergency medical care in a hospital was necessary. Last January an idiotic pro football player threatened to blow up a commercial airliner with firecrackers in his luggage; he thought he was having fun. Last April a couple of even dopier high-school students in New Jersey exploded a few firecrackers in a locker. The metal shrapnel that resulted tore out the throat of a passing girl. And the injuries and fatalities get greater, not less, each year.

As a nation, it would seem that we're no longer old enough to handle fireworks. There was a time in this country when everything had some danger to it; just walking outside could be dangerous when you lived on the frontier. And that danger was respected. Caution was naturally and consistently taken. Now, nothing seems dangerous to people—not cars, not guns, not all those work-saving kitchen machines with their factory-assembled wiring. We have come to think of the words "convenient" and "safe" as synonymous, and thus we are growing more and more careless. And fireworks, that beloved symbol of celebration of our ancestors, have become a toy we cannot really allow ourselves. These days they're tougher than we are.

So best to get our jollies this time around and then make them last. Certainly the fireworks are going out with a bang. Walt Disney Productions is lighting up the harbor around the Statue of Liberty with a set of psychedelics not seen since *Fantasia*, Washington is planning a similar spectacle around its monuments (after the explosively exciting preview, courtesy of the French government, on June 1) and Philadelphia, nose definitely out of joint at not being named *the* Bicentennial City, keeps threatening to overmatch all the others in virtuosity. Me? I'll be on that hill above Coraopolis. ●